

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

24th Year. No. 2.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

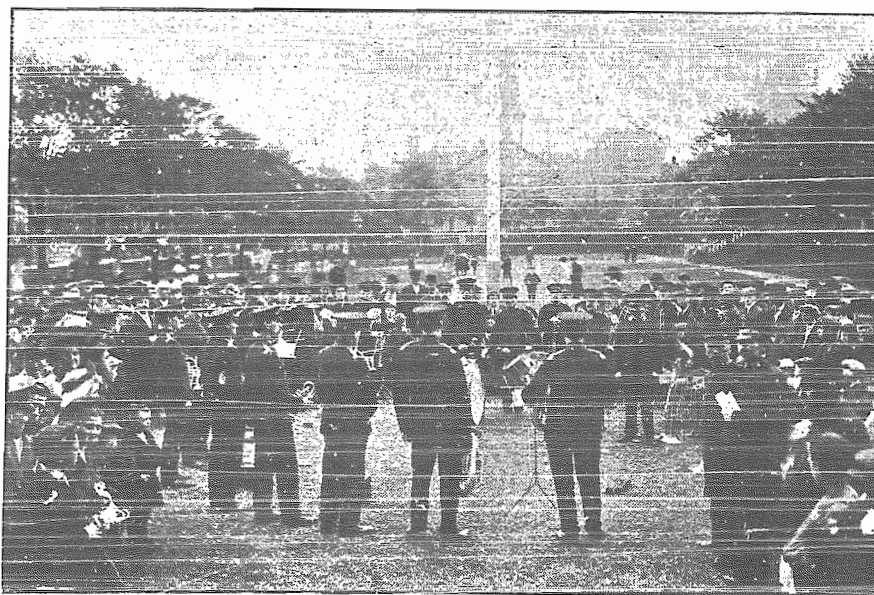
TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOYDS.
Editor.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE GENERAL AND HIS HOST, LIEUT. GOVERNOR FRASER,
ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL AT HALIFAX, N.S.



THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND PLAYING IN THE GROUNDS
OF THE CITY HALL AT HALIFAX, N.S.

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

THE GENT'S GRATITUDE.

Monster and "Monster."

The open-air on Saturday, at Charter's could rightly be described as monster, and Sunday night's as "Monster." A solid mass of people packed themselves more than half way across Mossman Street, opposite one of the residential hotels. I was more than a little amused to find Sergeant-Major Cook go in and inform the landlord that "we are ready for the light," and promptly there was switched on a fine electric glow. The balcony was lined by ladies and gentlemen, who were keenly interested in the proceedings, and applauded the Band's selections. They also helped very liberally in the offering. A gold piece was spun into the ring, which Major Gist "reported," in case it were thrown in error. An old gentleman quietly remarked, "It's all right, Major." Speaking with him a few minutes afterwards, he told me that a fortnight ago he was walking along the street, and passed an open-air meeting, where a few soldiers were holding forth. The Holy Spirit smote him and he turned back, falling in penitence at the drum-head. His half-sovereign was a thank offering.—*Australian Cry.*

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

A Human Document Indeed.

Relieved by Alfred Sturgeon, in charge of the St. Joseph, Mo., Corps, to be converted and thoroughly repentant, John Wooley, sentenced to prison for life, for the murder of his stepdaughter, Anna Pearl Smith, last February, on his farm near Faneett, Mo., has written what he terms a confession and given it to Adjutant Sturgeon as a testimonial of his faith in God.

Wooley does not refer to his crime in his letter, but writes of his sins being forgiven. The letter Adjutant Sturgeon has in his possession is as follows:

"St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 4, 1907.
"This is a written confession made by John Wooley. I have give myself to the Lord and I am happy if I am in Jail for I am trusting in the Lord for my helper and I believe he will help me it has been a happy time for me since my sins have been forgiven. I hope all those who read this it will be a blessing to if you don't no the Lord Jesus on a count of your sins it will help you and make you happy if you give yourself to the Lord. I want to thank the salvation army for

what they have done for me I want to thank brother Sturgeon for coming and preaching the word of God to us on Sunday. I ask for all the prayers of the salvation army so that I may hold out faithful and do good wherever I may be is my honest prayer.
John Wooley."

Adjutant Sturgeon has been speaking to the prisoners in the jail ever, Sunday morning, and says that Wooley has evinced a deep interest in the meetings. Wooley and six others were converted a week ago yesterday. Among the others who professed their faith is Wesley Christopher, who was recently given a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary for killing Charles L. Stanley.—*American War Cry.*

A POPULAR BRIGADE.

What Followed "Lead Kindly Light."

"The Den Hilder (Holland) Songster Brigade has become very popular. When one of the members is ill, the Brigade go out and sing in front of the house to cheer their comrade, and this makes a good impression on casual listeners. A little while ago one of the Soldiers died, and on the day of the funeral the Songster Brigade sang in front of the house of our deceased comrade, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' Many of the neighbors who had come out to listen were in tears and declared they had never heard anything more touching. They afterwards joined in the procession and attended the service round the grave. Two men, who were infidels, became deeply convicted during the service, and shortly afterwards yielded themselves to God. They are now Soldiers of the Corps, and looking forward to the time when they will be allowed to take their places in the Songster Brigade."—*Bandman and Songster.*

THE BRANDED HAND.

"If Thy Hand Offend Thee Cut It Off."

During Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow, his soldiers were slaughtering the peasantry and burning the towns and villages along the route.

They captured a lad whose life they spared, thinking that he would be useful as a guide. To make him, as they thought belong to the Emperor, they branded the letter "N" on the back of his left hand.

The poor boy had written with pain, asked what was the meaning of that mark. He was told that "N" was the first letter of their Emperor's name, Napoleon, and now he belonged to France. On learning that, he quickly

ful hearts and assured us of His unfeeling care, and the only reason why we do not have perfect peace respecting the future is because we do not have perfect faith in Him just now. Someone has said that if we could have foreseen the dangers attending our birth and the worst fears of our utterly helpless infancy we should have faced birth with far more fear than we now face death. But the Lord put it into the hearts of someone to love, and pity, and care for us when we were helpless, crying, pulling infants, and He will cause someone to love and pity and care for us in old age if we walk in His ways and keep a glad trust in Him. He says, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." He bids us to consider the lilies, the grass, the sparrows, whom He cares, and He assures us that He will far more surely care for us. Bless His holy name!

Who feareth hath forsaken
The Heavenly Father's side;
What He hath undertaken
He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee

walked to a table, and putting his poor, wounded hand on it, he pulled out of his belt a hatchet, and struck off his hand, saying, "Take what belongs to the soldier: As for me, I belong entirely to the Tsar."—*The Field Officer.*

GOLD OF THE HEART.

Look Things Straight in the Face.

He is a healthy man, healthy of soul, who, by the Grace of God, is enabled to look everything straight in the face, and to inquire whence it came, what it means, whither it goes. We do ourselves grievous injustice by putting our fingers in our ears and shutting out the cries that ought to pierce our hearts. We also do great injustice to ourselves by not listening to our own souls when they have a complaint, and when they challenge our attention to its solemn utterance. Believe me, it is not life when you drown your sorrow in drink; it is not really, truly life when you hide away the things that would startle and whiten and paralyze you. Take them out, look at them, touch them, number them, estimate their force, calculate their meaning, and be wise.—*All the World.*

ABOUT SOAP.

What the Ancients Had Not.

Historians have told us a great many things, but are silent as to who invented soap. Its history would be very interesting, and it would also be worth knowing how our remote ancestors managed to wash themselves before this useful article was invented.

We read a great deal in ancient writings about anointing with oil, and also as to the use of various cosmetics for the skin, but nothing at all about soap.

A great many curious things were found buried under the cinders of Vesuvius in Pompeii, and sealed up in the lava that flowed over Herculaneum; bread, fruit, wine, and other domestic articles, but no soap. In the British Museum is a large variety of household requirements found in the pyramids of Egypt, but there is no soap.

Thus, the Local Officer who hurries home at night and uses the piece of homely "yellow," or the more fanciful "cake," in his preparations for getting off to the open-air, will remember that whatever the Romans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians had that he has not, they left no trace

With all their happy song;

The very flowers teach us
That fretting is a wrong

Cheer up! the sparrow chirpeth

"Thy Father feedeth me;"

Think how much more He careth,

O lonely child, for thee.

"Fear not," the flowers whisper,

"Since thus He has arrayed

The buttercup and daisy,

How canst thou be afraid?"

The Apostle was so assured of God's care that he exhorted the Hebrews: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as you have; for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what men can do unto me."

If God allows me to occupy my body, will He not see that I have food to feed it, and garments to clothe it? He said He would (Matt. vi. 25-34). And shall I not strongly trust Him, and laugh at fear and he glad? By His grace I will. Hallelujah!

Nothing is more harmful to our relation with God and precipitate trouble upon us, than this faithless anxiety about the future of our

behind them that they knew anything of the use of soap.—*Local Officer.*

JAPAN'S FIRST BIBLE.

An Interesting Story.

In 1854 a British fleet lay at anchor in Nagasaki Bay, where a force of Japanese had gathered to guard against any possible foreign landing. General Wukasa, who commanded those soldiers, was sailing round the harbour when he picked up an English New Testament, which had probably been dropped from one of the warships, and lay floating on the water. The General's interpreter, who chanced to be a Dutchman, explained to him that this was the Christian's Scripture.

Wukasa's curiosity was aroused, and he learned on inquiry, that the book had been translated into Chinese. He sent to Shanghai and procured a copy he could read.

Eight years later they applied to a pioneer missionary to Japan, and eventually Wukasa and other members of the family became Christians.—*Australian "Full Salvation."*

THE CASE OF MARIA.

"Desolation that can Only be Imagined."

Maria was an unfortunate, more the victim of circumstances than guilty of great sin. Her mother died when she was only about nine or ten years old, and at the last moment made a damning statement that Maria was no relation to her husband.

This soon faded from the child's mind, if, indeed, she ever took in the sense of it. For years, until she was eighteen, Maria acted as mother towards her sisters and brothers, and as a good daughter to the drunken wretch whom she loved to be her father. He was rarely sober, and at night used to come home drunk, and illtreat the children cruelly. Maria defended them, but was unable to protect herself from his villainy. She was too terrified of him at first to complain, but at last found she must leave her home. The police took up the matter and prosecuted her supposed father. He then took refuge behind the fact that she was not related to him, but was only a stepchild. He escaped jail through this fact, and was only ordered to help support the child. Maria's desolation can only be imagined. The rest of the children were put on the State, and the poor girl was homeless and penniless. She gave her heart to God, and for nearly two years has done well in service.—*New Zealand Cry.*

selves and our loved ones.

The children of Israel had seen God's mighty works and unfailing faithfulness in bringing them out of Egypt, through the Red Sea and the wilderness, and up to Kadesh Barnea, but they would not trust themselves in His hands to go over into Canaan, but said, "We have heard that the Lord brought us unto this land, to fall by the sword, that our wives and our children should be a prey? Were it not better for us to return unto Egypt?" (Num. xiv. 3.) And this fearfulness proved their undoing, for while their children escaped, they all perished in the wilderness, save Caleb and Joshua, who believed in God.

The man who doubts and fears and murmurs and complains is walking right into the jaws of trouble and want and sorrow and shame, but the man who keeps his heart to God, who shouts and rejoices and prays and trusts in the teeth of all Hell, will find his path growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Glory be to God! God has pledged Himself to stand by that man. And won't God do it? Will He fail? Can He be untrue to His own word? "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

The Praying League

Conducted by Mrs. N. B. Johnston,
Praying League Secretary.

Special Topic for Prayer.—Pray for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Annual Congress in Toronto.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—Jerusalem besieged.—2 Kings 18: 13-38.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Before the Lord! —2 Kings 19: 1-19.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Lord's Deliverance.—2 Kings 19: 20-37.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Answered Prayer.—2 Kings 21: 1-21.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Judah's Worst King.—2 Kings 21: 1-25.

Friday, Oct. 18.—Power for Good! 2 Chron. 34: 1-2; 2 Kings 22: 8-11; 23: 2-24.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Too late to Save! 2 Kings 23: 15-30.

FAITH IN GOD.

By Colonel Brengle.

1. Have faith in God. In the strongest, plainest possible language, He has spoken to our fainting, fear-

What the Tonsorial Artist Told His Customer.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a well-written and exceedingly interesting short story. Read it.



EXT, please!"

The barber said this mechanically, and, seeing there was only one customer in the shop at the moment, in addition to the man he had just finished shaving, the remark was really superfluous.

It was a Wednesday forenoon, and most of the men in Coalville were at work in the pit. This accounted for the emptiness of the barber's shop, but that emptiness was by no means a reliable index of the barber's trade. Every evening there was a constant stream of schoolboys who wanted hair-cuts, and on Friday and Saturday evenings, the barber and his assistant, to say nothing of the lather-boy, could scarcely cope with the customers. No matter how hard the three of them worked on those evenings, the shop never seemed to grow any emptier, for fresh customers were constantly arriving.

On Wednesday forenoon, however, there was a distinct lull in business. The only customer who was certain to come was Tom Walters, the Army pensioner, who always asserted, when in company, that his long association with "soldiers and gentlemen" had made him daily shave as indispensable in his case as his breakfast coffee. A commercial traveller, or someone in the little town on business—Coalville never attracted anyone bent on pleasure—might also drop in, attracted by the general cleanliness of the barber's shop, which it must be said, looked decidedly superior to its surroundings.

Such had been the order of business on this particular Wednesday morning. Tom Walters had just been shaved, and was mopping his ruddy chin with a towel, when the barber's brisk "Next, please!" attracted a well-dressed commercial traveller into the chair which Tom had vacated.

"Shave, sir?" asked the barber. "Hair cut," grunted the customer in reply. "Don't make me look like a convict," he added, looking darkly at himself in the mirror. "Just trim it up smartly at the back and sides."

"Very well, sir. Nice weather for the time of year, sir."

"Weather be blowed!" replied the customer, ungraciously. "What's the use of nice weather if business is as dead as Pharaoh?"

"Thought business had been looking up lately—according to the papers, sir," said the barber, who was one of the greatest optimists in Coalville.

"Don't you know that continental countries are stealing our trade with both hands?" asked the customer.

"Hadin' noticed it," said the barber, cheerfully, as he picked up a pair of scissors. "People seem to want shaving and hair-cutting as often as ever. In fact, more often, if anything."

"All right for you," said the customer, looking round the shop as far as he could without moving his head.

"Nice business; your own master; everything all right. Look at me, now. Firm shouting for orders by every post, and business as dull as a



The Barber Tells the Story of His Conversion.

rainy day. Nothing like having a business of your own, I say. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said the barber, thoughtfully. "If you have a partner like the one I've got, I should say there's nothing to beat it, sir."

"Partner?" said the man in the chair. "The business is not your own, then?"

"Yes, and no, sir," said the barber. "It's like this, sir: I could never have started the business without the capital of my partner put into it."

"Oh," said the other, "Shouldn't have thought it required much capital to buy a pair of scissors and a comb! You must have been pretty well down on your uppers when you started, surely?"

"I was, sir; as low down as I could be," said the barber.

"Sounds quite romantic. Rich uncles or something?" asked the customer.

"Well, if you would like to hear my test—I mean story—sir, I shall be glad to tell you," said the barber, who was now working his way cautiously around the bald patch on the top of his customer's head.

"It's like this, sir. I was the same as any another lad who will not take his mother's advice or give much thought to religion. Many a thrashing my mother gave me for not attending Sunday School. But neither the words of my teacher when I went, nor the thrashing my mother gave me when I stayed away did me any good, and when I was thirteen I was a wild as they make them, staying out all night and keeping away from home for days at a time.

"I thought I was doing a very smart thing by smoking fags and drinking beer in defiance of my mother's warning, but I soon found, as hundreds of other working lads and men have found, that through the swinging doors of the gin-shop

lies the shortest cut to ruin.

"Before I was out of my teens I was living in the lowest slum of the town, far worse off and more wretched than the dogs that hunt for food in the ash-pits.

"In the room which I called home, there was a sack of straw for a bed, a box for a table, and a pile of bricks for a chair.

"Like a shave, too, sir," said the barber, pausing in his narrative to shake the cloth with which his customer was enveloped.

"Yes," said the man in the chair. "Go on with your yarn."

"Well, as I was saying, sir," said the barber, as he tucked a clean towel under his customer's chin, "I was drinking like a fish and living like a wild beast, but one day as I sat in that miserable room, I heard music in the court under my window. Throwing up my window, for you will have noticed, sir, that windows are always shut tightest in the stuffiest streets—I looked out, and to my surprise saw a Salvation Army meeting being commenced directly below me.

"I cannot tell you how I felt as I listened to these people telling how the vilest sinner could be made into a happy, clean-living man, if he would only forsake the sin that was ruining him, and come to God for a new heart. There were things they said that sounded strange to me, but I certainly got a better grip of what religion meant through listening to those Salvationists, than I ever had had before.

"I looked at them and listened to them until they marched out of the court, but I never forgot what they said.

"Razor all right, sir?"

"Yes; go on," replied the customer, rather impatiently.

"I suppose you don't know much about it, sir," continued the barber,

"but the man who is a drunkard and doesn't want to be, is the most miserable man on earth. That was my position. I had been addicted to drink long before The Army crossed my path, but after I had listened to that meeting I longed for a better way of life.

"Thinking that I might improve my position if I left my wretched surroundings, I came away from the town I had been living in, and went on tramp, not caring where I was going. In that way I landed in this town, penniless and homeless.

"I was blindly seeking the liberty and happiness which the Salvationists had been the first to tell me lay within the reach of every sinner, and one day not very long after coming here I went to a meeting and got converted.

"After a time I was given the opportunity of buying this business by paying so much a week, and I made the venture. Everything I had previously tried had failed miserably, but now that I had Christ as my partner I felt fit for anything.

"Of course, I had my troubles. People who ought to have helped me looked up my wicked past and said that I would soon be as bad as ever. I also had great difficulty in making both ends meet, but my partner never failed me, I never had any desire for the drink, and I felt happier even when I was only making a bare living.

"My comrades in The Army helped me in every way they could, and soon began to make headway. I brought my mother, whom I had caused so much sorrow and disgrace to live with me, and in the course of time the business became my own, and I married a Salvationist.

"Now you see me a happy and contented man, with a good home, and a happy wife and children."

"The result of your own perseverance," said the man in the chair.

"Excuse me, sir," corrected the barber; "nothing of the kind. Before my conversion I persevered at times as much as I do now, but I never could succeed until I left off serving the devil and took Christ into partnership.

"To Him, as my partner, I owe everything.

"A little spray in your hair?" . . . Very good, sir."—British War Cry.

Practical Gratitude.

The following incident was recently related in a Sunday night's meeting; it occurred in the early days of the speaker.

At one of his night meetings, a party of the Highlanders garrisoned at the famous Stirling Castle, came along to enjoy the service. One of their number was convicted when the invitation was given to sinners, he bravely got up and went out to the Penitential room and converted. As soon as he arose on his feet, he divided down into his pockets and brought out six shillings, dropped them into the collection plate. This was a practical way showing his gratitude to God.

Great Labour-Saving Device.

How the Electro-Magnet Handles Large Masses of Iron and Steel.



Most of our readers have doubtless toyed with a small horseshoe magnet which possessed the power of attracting and lifting pins, pen-nibs, and other small metal articles. Such a magnet had its disadvantages, however, owing to the fact that it would not release its pigmy load at the word of command, but only in answer to superior force, and also that its magnetism disappeared as time went on. The idea of employing such a magnet on a large scale, therefore, with the idea of its taking the place of the many labourers required in steel works or ship yards to make fast plates or rails to the hooks of cranes, would hardly have been practicable.

An Important Discovery.

The discovery was made, however, that an iron or steel core, fixed in a bobbin of insulated copper wire, would attract iron or steel particles when an electric current was passed through it, and that it would release its burden as soon as the current was cut off. A single magnet of this description will now do the work of a score of pairs of human hands, and instantaneously, where they must take minutes. Hoisting tackle, with the magnet attached, has only to be lowered upon a steel or iron load, and the switch which controls the current to be closed, and in an instant the load is grasped by magnetic power, to be transported where desired, and released by the opening of the switch.

The Cost of Magnets.

The simplest kinds of electro-magnets are adapted to lifting loads with even surfaces, such as steel plates weighing from six hundred pounds to three tons, and cost from \$50 to \$500. More complicated magnets, designed for lifting such irregular loads as rough blocks of pig iron of different shapes and sizes, cost upwards of \$1,000—an outlay that is very soon returned to the manufacturer in the shape of wages saved.

A Simple Operation.

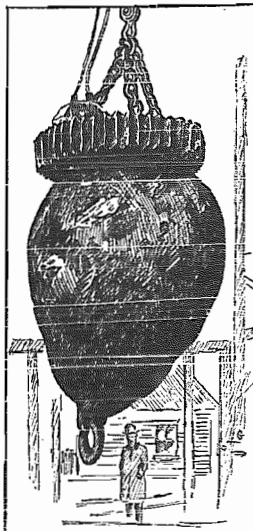
Before the era of the lifting magnet, there was always difficulty in raising long, thin steel plates by means of slings and hooks. It involved a tedious operation. One by one the plates had to be prised, so that the hoisting tackle could be attached, and the plates would often slip from the hooks, so that accidents were frequent. But nothing could be simpler than to lower the magnet on the rails, with the hoisting tackle, switch on the current, and lift away. A number of plates may be lifted at one time; but the supreme beauty of the invention lies in this: the plates can be dropped where desired, separately, one by one.

To do this, the operator has only to open and close the switch. As the magnetic force dies out, the lowermost plate drops off. Then, if the switch be swiftly closed again, the magnet will retain its grip upon the remaining plates. The same kind of magnet is sometimes used in shipyards for lifting steel plates and holding them in position while they are being attached to the sides of ships.

Difficult Problems.

It is difficult to confront the danger of electro-magnets. Every worker of the magnetic circuit of a magnet, but normally this circuit is incomplete until the magnet is applied to its load, when the power depends upon the character of the load, whether it is easily magnetized or otherwise; and, of course, the designer of the magnet cannot always foresee what the load may be.

He is a magnet that will lift a



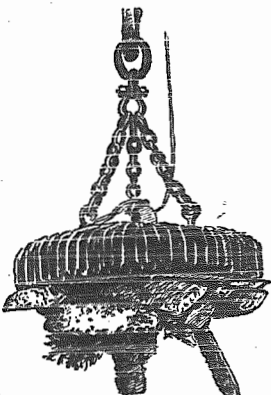
A Lifting Magnet

Raising a "skull-cracker" weighing 12,000 pounds. The "skull-cracker" is used for breaking up metal castings, and is dropped upon them from a great height.

steel ingot weighing 5,000 pounds may not lift a long thin plate weighing 500 pounds. The current has more difficulty in taking a grip of the thin, flexible plate, since its power depends largely on the smoothness of surfaces and the absence of dust. Moreover, the plate, when hoisted, is liable to sway and vibrate, and so to tear itself free; whereas the compact ingot behaves passively.

Lifting Pig-Iron.

The magnet again has not nearly so much power over iron as over steel; and until a few years ago it was considered impossible to lift pig iron economically with magnets. It was found that a magnet that would easily lift a 10,000 pound steel ingot would have no control over 100 pounds of pig iron. Pig iron is impure, and possesses poor magnetic properties; and a pile of pigs is generally uneven on the surface, so that the lines of the magnetic force wander aimlessly about it, and are scattered and lost. The difficulty has been overcome by special magnets, the poles of which adjust themselves to the unevenness of the load to be lifted, thus ensuring a strong grip. Such



A Special Type of Magnet

For lifting pig iron, which, being less susceptible to magnetic attraction, requires a greater force to hold it.

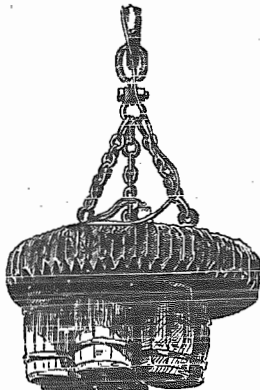
magnets will raise a ton and a half of pig iron as though it were a feather.

Dropping "Skull Crackers."

From a spectacular point of view, the most interesting use of the magnet is in connection with what are known as "skull crackers"—enormous weights, from 10,000 to 25,000 pounds, used for breaking up "skulls," or the metal which clings, or imperfect castings, or such like material, which must be broken before being thrown into a furnace for re-melting. The crane, with its magnet, is employed to put the castings into position for their execution. Then the weight is raised, and, at the proper height, released. With smashing force, down it falls, and the magnet then picks up the broken pieces of the "skulls," and loads them into the boxes, whence they will be shot into the fiery furnaces. Thus the entire operation is conducted by the man in charge of the crane, and there is no need for labourers to risk their lives by appearing on the scenes while the mighty weight does its pulverizing work.

One other point in favour of the lifting magnet must be mentioned. It is not afraid to handle hot iron from the furnaces of the casting house. Hence it can be taken out of the way when it would have to be allowed to cool if fingers of flesh and bone were required to make it fast to the hoisting crane.

Thus, more and more, is the brain of man eliminating uses for the hands of man in the fields of labour.



A Magnet Lifting Kegs Full of Nails.

By the mere turning on of the electric current a weight of many tons can be raised, moved to any point, and, by turning off the current, deposited there.

A Phenomenal Work.

Bible Translators.

As Bible translators, the missionaries are the most vital force in the world, and their work has been phenomenal. Dr. Dennis has recently finished the task of compiling statistics relative to the matter, and his findings are as follows:—

The number of translations of the whole Bible—including three versions now obsolete—is one hundred and one. The number of translations of the New Testament—including twenty-three versions now obsolete—is one hundred and twenty-seven; the number of additional languages into which portions of the Old and New Testament have been translated—including fifteen versions now obsolete—is two hundred and fifty-four. Thus, the total number of translations is four hundred and eighty-two. This is a grand monument, not only to the literary ability, but also to the spiritual faithfulness, of the missionary body, and the result is a great gift to the human race. May the Spirit of God bless those many translations as they are scattered throughout the earth and read by the needy sons of men.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER JOHNSON, OF UXBRIDGE.

A Triumphant End.

The Death Angel has visited the Uxbridge Corps, and after a very short illness, Brother Wm. Johnson has gone to be with Jesus.

Brother Johnson was a Soldier of this Corps for a number of years, but a short time ago he got wrong in his soul and became a backslider. He never ceased to attend The Army meetings, however, and was always glad to help along The Army work. At the Sunday night meeting of the recent visit of the Staff Band to this Corps, Brother Johnson once more started to serve God; his second daughter also knelt with him at the Penitent-form. Since then, until his death, he has been faithful to his vows, and he died a most triumphant death. He declared it to be the happiest night of his life; he urged his friends to get right with God, and made all his family promise to meet him in Heaven. We miss him here. He was a kind father, and loving husband and brother; but we know that he is safe at Home.

We gave him an Army funeral, which was largely attended—a testimony of the great esteem in which he was held. A great impression has been made by his sudden promotion and by the bright testimony which he has left behind. We laid him to rest in the Uxbridge cemetery, in the sure and certain hope of seeing him again on the Resurrection Morning.

May God bless and comfort the bereaved family, and help us all to live day by day, that life which shall merit His "Well done," when we too, come down to cross over the River. —W. B. S., Lieut.

BROTHER GEORGE DALLAS, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our comrade received a very sudden Home call on Saturday, September 7th. He had only come out from England a short time ago, and his dear wife and daughter had only been in St. John for nine days.

Brother Dallas was working for Mr. Joseph Bullock, at the oil works, and a few minutes after returning to his work after dinner he dropped dead. When his employer heard the news, he gave orders for the Works to close down for the remainder of the day.

Our sympathy goes out towards Sister Mrs. Dallas and her family, and we bear them up in faith and prayer to Him who has promised never to forsake those that put their trust in Him.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign and Mr. Cornish, assisted by Mrs. Major Phillips, Ensign Jones, and Lieutenant Nock. On Sunday a memorial service was held. —J. Barnes.

BROTHER PIDDLE, OF CHANCE COVE.

Death has again visited us, and taken Brother William Piddle from our ranks. He was a faithful Soldier and did his best to carry on the War, till the Chariot lowered and his soul was borne away to the realms above.

We miss him much, but have a sure and certain hope of meeting him once again on the Resurrection Morn.

We pray that God will comfort the bereaved relations. —A. Stickland, Lieutenant.

SISTER AUCKLAND, OF METLAKATLA, B. C.

The Angel of Death has visited the home of Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Auckland, of Metlakatla, and taken away their eldest daughter, Ellen Margaret. She suffered much during a long sickness, but she had the assurance that all was well with her soul, and she has now gone to her Eternal Home. Many friends came to the funeral, to pay their last respects and to sympathize with the parents. We pray for our comrades and trust that the brothers and sisters will seek Ellen's Saviour and meet her again in the Morning. —S. Blackburn, Adjutant.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

A Collision at Sea.

During a dense fog on September 22nd, the Thompson liner *Huron*, crashed into the bows of the Allan liner *Mongolia*, in the vicinity of Belle Isle Straits. The accident was accompanied by all the sensational elements of a disaster at sea. There was the heavy jog and grind of crashing steel, the frantic rush for the decks, the lowering of boats and rescue of passengers, and their perilous journey for a mile or two in a frail craft across a stormy sea to the other vessel. The Officers and crew of the ship behaved with coolness and gallantry, and the Stewardess of the *Mongolia* is specially mentioned for her courageous act, in refusing to leave the ship till those under her care had been safely placed in the boats.

There were one hundred and thirty-eight passengers on the *Mongolian*, and there is cause for thankfulness that not a single life was sacrificed.

Newfoundland Fisheries.

An agreement between the British and American Governments regarding the fisheries of Newfoundland has recently been concluded, but it has not brought much satisfaction to the people of the Colony. By the terms of the agreement, as of 1905, imposing certain restrictions on American fishing vessels, will not be brought into force, and in consideration of the fact that the shipment of Newfoundlanders by the American fishermen outside the three-mile limit is not to be made the basis of interference or to be penalised, the United States Government waives the use of purse seines by American fishermen, during the term governed by the agreement, and also undertakes that American fishermen shall not fish on Sundays. The United States Government has intimated its willingness to consider any change that may be proposed in the most friendly spirit, and if found not to compromise their rights, to unite with His Majesty's Government in ratifying them at once. The question is to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal, by mutual agreement.

The "Swadeshi" Movement in India.

A popular movement is afoot in India, having for its catchwords, "Swadeshi," and "Swaraj"—meaning respectively, home-products and self-rule. The violent language and mischievous incitements of the agitators is leading responsible and influential men to range themselves clearly and expressly on the side of the Administration, and a numerous signed appeal from the Bengal aristocracy has been made to the people, exhorting them to exercise self-restraint and moderation, and to discontinue the policy which tends to encourage disaffection with British rule, and to create feelings of animosity between the different classes in India.

The cause of the unrest seems to be a deep-seated hostility to the foreigner, which the beneficent rule of the British and the spread of education, instead of removing, has only served to intensify.

Almost daily assaults are being made on white men, and unless this state of affairs is soon remedied, it may lead to a tragedy. The need of the hour is to bring about a better state of feeling between the ruling and the ruled communities by every means in the power of both.

Recording Earthquakes.

During the month of September the first meeting of the International Association of Seismology was held at The Hague, an event of some importance to those who take an interest in earthquake phenomena. The formation of such an association is one of the results of the remarkable progress in the study of earthquakes which has taken place during the last twenty years, especially with regard to the registration of earthquakes all over the world. The possibility of such registration was manifested in the year 1884, when the great earthquake felt on Christmas Day in the south of Spain, was recorded by magnetographs at Paris, Greenwich and Wilhelmshaven.

One of the chief objects of the present Association is to collect and publish the records of great earthquakes obtained at the numerous observatories which are now to be found in all civilized countries.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Signor Marconi, the inventor of the system of wireless communication, has stated that all the obstacles to a successful working out of his plans are now overcome, and that in a few weeks' time "Marconigrams" will be flying across the Atlantic through the air at a speed of twenty words a minute, and a rate of ten cents a word. Bad weather will have no effect on the system, provided it does not damage the masts and poles at the land stations. This will mark a great epoch in the history of the world's progress, and men need only solve the problem of aerial navigation to be complete masters of the air.

Japan and Korea.

There is trouble brewing in Korea, according to reports from the Tokyo papers. Marquis Ito, who was sent to that country to quell the disorders and establish a firmer system of administration, says that his work was thwarted by Japanese adventurers who wronged the poor, simple Koreans on every hand and caused the name of Japan to be abhorred from one end of the peninsula to the other. As a result, the people are up in arms, and insurgents are gathering



A High-Class Chinese Lady and Her Attendants Starting to Pay a Call.

around the city of Seoul, while roving bands of Koreans are killing Japanese officials in all parts of the country. Many villages are being wiped out by the Japanese troops as a punishment for some of the inhabitants joining the insurgents. In view of the increasing gravity of the situation Japan may alter her present policy of maintaining the self-government of Korea, and resort to annexation, though she declares that every effort will be made to win the good-will of the people first.

Harvesting with Motors.

A remarkable demonstration of harvesting by motor machinery was given on an English farm recently, but as the harvesting machine came from Canada, the feat may be regarded as an Imperial one.

An acre of standing corn was marked out in the field. This was cut, bound, threshed and ground by the motive power of an agricultural tractor, working with a petrol engine. An acre of ground was also ploughed, cultivated, drilled, harrowed and sown with a new crop within seven and-a-half hours.

This is a world's record. The tractor started its work by drawing two harvesters through the corn. Half a dozen men walking behind, stacked it, and in fifteen minutes, what had been an acre of growing corn was standing on the field, cut and stacked ready to be placed on the cart which the tractor proceeded to draw round the field.

One hour later, the corn was lying by the side of the threshing drum, and the tractor got into position to drive the thrasher by means of a belt. As soon as the threshing had begun, the flour was seen to come out of the mill, which was being worked off a pulley on the threshing drum.

The Chinese Succession.

It has long been seen that the weakness of the Central Government in China was a menace to the tranquillity of the Empire, and measures have now been taken to strengthen the ruling authority by making several important changes in the higher offices. There are many reforms to be carried out in China, and it needs a strong hand at the helm to guide the ship of State aright. As the Dowager Empress has announced her intention of retiring, the question of succession awaits settlement, and it is a matter of much moment, as to who will be appointed to the throne. If the folly of the past is repeated and an infant is chosen as Heir Apparent, and a long Regency arranged for, the effect on the country would be most serious. On the other hand,

the best results are anticipated, if Pu-lun, the recent Imperial Commissioner to the St. Louis Exhibition, is selected as ruler, for he is of good character, and has had his mind opened by his travels.

The future of the present Emperor is uncertain, but he will either be forced to abdicate, or restored to his full dignity.

Peace in Morocco.

The welcome news has been published that the delegates of three important Moorish tribes have accepted the French peace overtures, and that hostilities are now at an end. The terms offered by France are very exacting, and to secure their carrying out, two notables of each tribe have been given up as hostages. The tribesmen agree to keep order in their Territory, and to deliver up any native found in the possession of arms within ten miles of Casablanca. They undertake to surrender the authors of the outrages upon Europeans. A large indemnity is to be paid by the Choonia tribes; the part of each tribe to be apportioned according to the length of time it resisted the French.

A Picturesque Party.

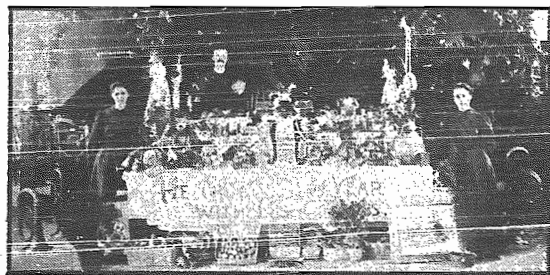
This excellent group was recently obtained in the Celestial land just when a high-class Manchurian lady was starting out to pay a visit. It recalls the description given by Miss E. R. Scidmore in her "China, the Long-lived Empire." In that grey old stone court," she writes, "there was gathered such a dazzling group of women as made me doubt my eyes and forget everything in looking. The gracious old *tsai-tai* (madame), in long plum and purple robes, had a strong, kindly face and the deep rich voice of undoubted command. Her eye and smile led to friendship, and her cordial greetings had all of the Celestial imagery and intensity. Her dark gown and sober-tinted hair bouquets were in contrast to those of her daughter-in-law and grandchildren, who rivalled the rainbow, all the gay colours intensified by the dazzling sunshine. Each pale yellow aristocratic face was rouged and tinted with a work of art; each lower lip had a prim riant stain of deep carmine, each beautiful figure bent in a stately Mauchou courtesy, sinking low, with clasped hands resting on the left knee, and each then gave us a few cold, thin fingers, for a Western barbarian hand-shake. Each of these blue-blooded Tartars, Manchus of the purist lineage, was more brilliantly picturesque than the others; each lifted up on silk or flower-pot shoes, whose three, high soles were hidden by their long gowns."



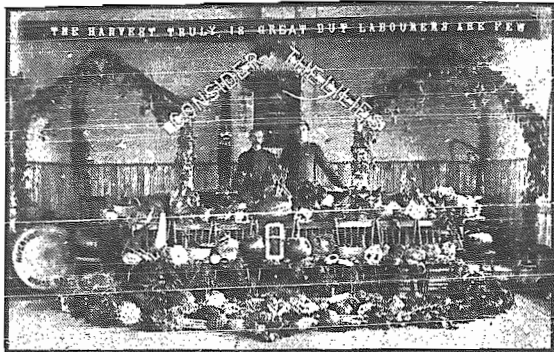
Pilgrim Doukhobors.

The dress of men and women, alike, consisted of a single garment and rough socks.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS



The Harvest Festival Decorations at Galt.



Harvest Festival Decorations.

Captain Nutt and Lieutenant Potter look quite happy in the midst of such abundance.

The Worst Woman in Town.

"The first soul I was the means of converting after I became an Officer," said an Adjutant, recently, "was a most remarkable case. She was one of the most desperate sinners in the Province of New Brunswick, and her daughter had just passed through one of our Rescue Homes, when I took charge of the Corps at the town where she lived. I resolved to do my best to protect this girl from the evil surroundings she had come back to, and with that purpose in view, I called at the house to see what could be done. I knew that they would never let her come to the meetings by herself, and so I invited the whole crowd, in the hopes that they would come and bring the girl with them. On Sunday afternoon I was delighted to see the woman and her daughter amongst the audience, and made a special point of inviting them to come again at night. They did so, and I determined to put forth a desperate effort to capture this citadel of wickedness. After a hard struggle, we gained the day, and the woman knelt at the Penitent-form, while great drops of sweat rolled off her face on to the floor.

She got genuinely converted that night, and such a change took place in her life, that the whole town marvelled. We took great pains in teaching our first convert to walk in the Light, and my wife visited her at least twice a day, for weeks, until she grew strong in the faith. She had to endure much persecution from her former friends and neighbours, but she stood it well, and was for many years a faithful Soldier of The Salvation Army."

A Generous Comrade.

Brother Albert Hogbin recently presented the Riverdale Band with a beautiful Eb Bass. Needless to say, the Band and Corps very much appreciated this generous gift, and our brother was so pleased himself with the instrument that he proposes to give the Band another one in a short time.

We commend his generosity, and pass along to others the familiar quotation, "Go thou and do likewise."

What a War Cry Did.

One very wet Friday night, the Officers of a certain Corps were just about to leave their quarters to go to the Holiness meeting, when a knock came at the door. On opening it, they found an old grey-haired man standing there with the water streaming from him. He was at once invited in out of the storm and one of the Officers stayed behind to hear the story he had to tell, while the other hurried off to the meeting.

"I've been a soldier in the British Army, sir," began the old man; "held the rank of Sergeant, and was as smart a young non-commissioned officer as there was in the regiment. At my time expired, I took my discharge and went into business, and was doing very well at it too. In fact,

I'm fairly well off to-day; but I'm unhappy, for I'm a drunkard. What has made me come to see you to-night? Well, I'll tell you. Next door to me lives one of your Soldiers, and after he has read the "War Cry" each week, he passes it on to me. One day I read about how The Army is saving drunkards, and I thought if they do that sort of work, then they are just the people to help me. So I've come to see if you can help me to conquer this accursed appetite for drink, which is robbing me of all the joy of living."

Gladly, the Officer spoke to the old man of the Christ who could break every letter, and together they knelt and prayed. When the old man left the Quarters, it was with a firmer step and a brighter eye, for hope was strong within him that God would save him from his besetment, and give him power to live a conquering life.

Eighty-three Years of Sin.

On the outskirts of a small town lived an old man, in whom the Officers of the Corps got specially interested. Tacitly, they spoke to him about spiritual matters, and the old Irishman commenced to weep.

"Can the Lord pardon eighty-three years of sin?" he asked in a broken voice.

The Officers assured him that whoever called on the name of the Lord should be saved, and they had a prayer meeting right away. He promised to look up to God for salvation, and then confided to them, that during a revival in his native land, he had been greatly impressed, and the Spirit of God urged him to get saved. He put it off, however, thinking that there was plenty of time, and ever since then he had never had such an opportunity again. He had emigrated, and spent most of his life out in the bush, where he had forgotten all about God, and had no restraining religious influences to keep him back from evil. The visit of the Army Officers was the first reminder he had had of that early chance. He obtained mercy at the last moment, but what

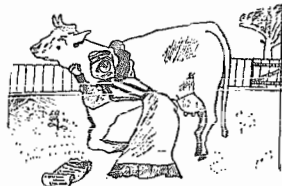


Brother Hogbin, Riverdale.

Saving a Cow.

An Orillia Bandsman sends us the following interesting paragraph and the accompanying original drawing—

Ensign Wilson of this Corps was selling "War Cry's" recently, and when in the Moffatt Farm District, noticed a cow lying by the roadside evidently in great pain, and almost choked to death by an apple that had lodged in the throat of the poor beast.



How the Ensign Saved the Cow.

A Sketch by an Orillia Bandsman.

With the Ensign, to see was to act; so without further ceremony, she set to work, and by dint of rubbing and pressing, she facilitated its passage down the throat. A loud gurgle, and the poor cow was freed from the obstruction. After a drink of water, the animal was passed on to its owner, who was very grateful indeed to the Officer.

This act was quite characteristic of the Ensign. She loves everything and everybody.

Repaid, With Interest.

The Ensign in charge of the Corps was away at an outpost one night, so his wife conducted the usual meeting, and at the close a young man knelt at the Penitent-form, who was very drunk. He was taken to the Quarters to await the arrival of the Ensign, and when that Officer came, some he talked to the young fellow, and ascertained that he was a sailor who had deserted his ship and was now stranded. He had the appearance of a lad who was well brought up, and the Ensign decided to let him stay at the Quarters for awhile, in the hope of being able to influence him permanently for good.

The lodger proved a very tiresome and disappointing case, however. For several days he would go away and then return as drunk as ever. Where he got the liquor from was a puzzle. Early one morning the Ensign was startled to hear gravel thrown at his window, and on opening it he saw his

old friend standing on the road.

"Your old boarder's come back again," said the youth coolly. "Let me in and I'll straighten up and get some work to do."

The Ensign promised him one more chance, and next day obtained work for him at a canning factory. In order to get him to his work on time the Ensign rose at six o'clock each morning to prepare the breakfast, and had the satisfaction of seeing the young fellow go along steady for many weeks. One day he thought he would make an attempt to get some clothes for his protegee, for all he possessed was what he stood up in. He got some given him, therefore, and bought some more, and with the bundle under his arm, he started out to find his man, who, by this time, had removed to a boarding house in the town. He was working late that night, and so the Ensign slipped right to the factory, and peered in at the window to see if he could see him. Just then the owner of the Cannery came along.

"Hullo, what are you doing there?" he called out, thinking it was someone who intended mischief.

The Ensign at once explained his presence there.

"That man is all right," said the owner. "He's the best workman I've got, and I'm glad you're trying to help him. Come and look round the factory."

He then conducted the Ensign around, and loaded him up with several cans of goods, and finished up by giving him a donation for the Work, which amounted to exactly the sum he had expended in buying clothes for the young fellow. "So the Lord paid me back with interest," said the Ensign, in relating the story.

The Barber-Captain.

Ensign Gordon, who has charge of Hot Springs, Ark., was confronted with a proposition the other day which was rather puzzling. A poor fellow, all broken up by his failure in life, applied to him for assistance. But lately finances have been small, rents high, the hot weather and all making it a difficult fight, and the Ensign hardly knew what to do. He asked a barber what he would charge the poor fellow for a hair trim and shave. The barber replied it would take seventy-five cents to tackle a job of that kind. The Ensign, determined not to be beaten, took the razor and shears, and soon had his patient in hand. A bath took place first, which was followed by a hair cut and shave. His hair was so long it hung over his shoulders. Then he was given a supper. When he left he was wearing a pair of nice overalls, which the Ensign had procured for him. He secured admission to St. Mary's Hospital.

BAND CHAT.

There are some splendid opportunities, we learn, both at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Regina, Sask., for some Army Bandsmen. Any of our comrades who contemplate going West, will do well to communicate with the Officers at these Corps. Several of the Bandsmen from Regina have lately fared well for the Training Home, and so there are some gaps in the ranks. At both of the Corps named, the No. 2. Band Book is now in use.

At a recent practice of the Clinton Band, we decided to make the prayer meeting of longer duration. We did so, and one Bandsman came out to the front for consecration, and a backslider also returned to God. The Bandsmen's and Officers' hearts were melted at the sight, and tears streamed down many a cheek. That we had met with God, we all realised to the full.—Hot Shot.

Two new comrades have been welcomed to the Windsor, Ont., Band, in the persons of Bandmaster Horseman and Bandsman Tickner, both hailing from Eastbourne, Eng. They will be a great blessing to us, and already we notice an improvement in the playing. We have started a learner's class, which meets on Tuesday evenings. The question of uniform is now under consideration, and we soon hope to see the Band fully uniformed. Bandmaster Downing takes the place of Deputy Bandmaster. He is to be credited with much of our Band's success, as he has plodded on, and worked faithfully ever since he took charge.—A Good One.

A successful Band entertainment was recently given by the St. Thomas Band, with Captain McGrath in charge. Some beautiful selections were rendered, and a Cornet solo was given by the Captain, which helped to make a very enjoyable evening for the large audience.

The Riverdale Band are bent upon securing a new set of "Our Own Make" instruments, and in order to match with them, have also ordered new suits of uniform. They will make their first appearance at the Councils.

On Sunday afternoon they go to the General Hospital, and give an open-air concert, to try and bless and brighten the lot of the sufferers there for a few hours. The hearty appreciation of all has fully rewarded their efforts.

WELCOME VISITORS AT REGINA.

Major Taylor Gives a Stirring Address.

We have been favoured with a passing visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Burditt, and Major Taylor, our Chancellor, who were on their way from Saskatoon to Medicine Hat. Though the visit was but a short one, we had a good time, both in the open-air and inside. A good crowd attended the latter meeting, which was a rousing one. The Major spoke to us on the subject of self-control, and the address was a stirring one. Though no visible results were recorded, we feel sure that much good

had to have Captain Taylor with us once more, cheering.—E. B.

INSINCERITY.

By Commissioner Olliphant.

"I know also, my God, that Thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness. A, for me, in the uprightness of mine heart I have willingly offered all these things."—1 Chron. xxix. 17.



But all feel that we can do nothing with insincere people in any department of life. Insincerity is an effectual block, both to the one who needs help, and to the one who would extend help. Yet it is the case too often that even when there is a belief in the attainability of holiness of life, there is much insincerity in seeking it.

Some seek it from the selfish motive of a desire for increased happiness. They compare their own condemnation and struggling with the life of victory and joy promised to those who walk with God, and they "seek the blessing" without regard to its conditions.

Search for Happiness.

It is quite true that a holy life does bring happiness; but when happiness is sought for instead of holiness and purity of life, the soul is insincere in its search, because happiness can only follow a full surrender of selfish aims. The soul that seeks for happiness moves in a circle the centre and circumference of which is self and its narrow spirit of me and mine! It has been said, "When we run after happiness, she runs away from us; when we seek the happiness of others, she runs after us!"

Again, the soul that seeks holiness of life, and cloaks itself under the inconsistencies of others, is insincere, and God can do nothing for it. So doing as effectually ties God's hands as does unbelief, so far as the actual result in the life goes. When our eyes are on the inconsistencies and weaknesses of others, they are off our own and off the power of Christ to cleanse.

I know that this is a great stumbling block to many who seek the blessing of a clean heart. God forbid that we should lower the standard of holiness to suit anybody's constitution, education, disposition, or circumstances! God's standard of holiness is unchangeable. But there is a sense in which we must not judge our neighbour. Apart from these, some consciences are not so enlightened as others, and it is unfair to judge every one else by the light which God has given us. Every man is judged by the light which God has thrown upon his conscience. We have known good holy, devoted Cadets, whom we believed had perfectly pure hearts, who, nevertheless, on coming up to the fuller light received in our Training Homes, have seen inconsistencies in their lives, and have immediately received grace to put them away. This is often a sign of spiritual growth than anything else. A course of inconsistency indulged in in spite of condemnation of heart, owing to God's revealed will, is, of course, the rankest sin, and any profession of holiness made while in such a state, only increases condemnation in the eyes of God. Such a man is either a fool or a hypocrite. "He deceives himself."—John 1:9.

Realities and Shams.

But the worst inconsistencies seen in others, even when they profess holiness, can be no excuse for my

not seeking it, nor any reason why it should be impossible of attainment by me! Just because there are some spurious saints, it is not to be concluded that saintship is injurious altogether. Forged cheques necessarily move the existence of good ones.

Necessary Sacrifice.

There are some things in our life that to part with means the cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye, but if God convicts us of the necessity of parting with them, the pain must be endured rather than that we should enter the Christian race with our souls lamed and fettered by their presence.

It is when the soul is humbled and sincere that God comes to its relief with His great deliverance. It is when the soul cries "What must I do to be clean?" with the same holy determination as it did when it came for pardon and cried, "What must I do to be saved?" that God comes nigh and does something for that seeking soul; but as long as it seeks its own, hides itself under the cloak of others' faults, or will surrender all points but the one God wants, and is asking it to give up, little will be accomplished for that one!

What is wanted is for the soul to come in the same spirit for cleansing as it came for pardon. Though your present condition is different, though the gift be much more precious, the spirit of the donor must be the same.

You may look at Canaan, long for the milk and honey, the rest of a heart at peace with God, the power of lips touched with the live coal, the blessedness of a life filled with all the fullness of God. You may yearn for freedom from all sin, but there is no hope till you are sincere and honest before God. You must know yourself as God knows you, and the smallest insincerity in your heart is sin in God's sight, and like the touch of leprosy, spoiling you in His eyes, separates you from His power and all salvation.

The All-Seeing Eye.

Just as you sought Him only, when you came for the pardon of all your past sins, so you must seek, and with your whole heart turn to Him again for the cleansing of your heart. He knows the spirit you come in. He sees through your words, your tears. He knows whether you come limiting His power, feeling it can't be done for you, or at least, not to-day. That is not the mood in which you came for pardon. You were desperate, determined. You felt that no other in the world would or could help you, and you pleaded with Him, though covered with conscious guilt to do it. You didn't look at others. The greater the number that kept away, the more you wanted to come. Your heart was broken, and in contrition you knelt in the shade of His Cross, humbled, penitent, believing!

Now, come in that same child-like, determined spirit for cleansing, assured that He can do whatsoever you ask, for has He not said, "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us?"—1 John vi. 14.

Personalities.

We deeply regret that Commissioner Booth-Heiberg is still in very indifferent health. Our readers will no doubt remember that about four years ago the Commissioner was, under peremptory medical orders, reluctantly compelled to withdraw from active service for a time, and to seek rest and change in a Southern and more favourable climate. He was very much benefited by the two winters he spent in Algiers, and undertook some important literary work for The Army, which has now been satisfactorily completed. But the Commissioner finds himself still unequal to the strain of public work, and he will, therefore, at least for a season, be compelled to live a more or less retired life.

We are sure that a large measure of sympathy will be felt with him, both in this country and on the Continent, in this matter, as well as with Mrs. Booth-Heiberg, whose own health, is not by any means such as we desire, though she is now, we are glad to say, better than she has been. We are sure that much sympathy will be felt for both our dear comrades, as well as for The General, to whom this matter is, of course, an occasion of no little concern and regret.

We understand that Col. Bullard has been appointed for special service in connection with the Foreign Office Staff. Colonel and Mrs. Bullard have served more than ten years in India, during part of that time filling the post of Resident Indian Secretary, and for the last seven years they have been in charge of The Army's operations in Japan. The love of The Army and, above all, its work amongst the heathen, and their devotion to it, are well known throughout our borders, and The General has decided that (if Colonel shall, for the present, amongst other special duties, spend some part of his time in travelling in Europe, making known the claims of our Work in the East. It would be difficult to find anyone more suited for this task.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker is expected to arrive in Bombay on September 27th, and Colonel Hammond will leave the week following. We hope shortly to announce the Colonel's next appointment, as well as that of Lieut.-Colonel Duce, who, with his wife, is now on his way home, after having been in Japan for ten years, during the last nine of which he has been Chief Secretary. The appointment of an Officer to open the work of The Army in Korea has not yet been made.

Brigadier Bonnett has just returned from a very successful trip to Bahia Blanca. Notwithstanding that the district is much disturbed by strikes and rioting, excellent meetings were held, and the results were eminently satisfactory. Amongst those at the Penitentiary was the husband of a newly sworn-in Soldier, and also her grandmother. The former is a good catch. He is a fine, bright fellow and has quite a thriving business in Bahia Blanca. His conversion will undoubtedly be a great help to the wife, whose mother is also a Soldier, and whose only child was dedicated to the town. The four grandsons, therefore, are now under The Army Flag.

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

THE COMING COUNCILS.

In the course of a few days, the majority of the Canadian Field Officers will be at the first of the series of Fall Councils, which will be held throughout the Dominion. That Salvation Army Officers appreciate these Councils is very well evidenced by the eagerness with which they attend them. Perhaps the social, the comradely aspect of these gatherings may have something to do with that. When Officers have been so long separated from each other, these Annual re-unions are humanly very delightful occasions. We feel sure, however, that the higher plane of thought—the spiritual and warlike benefits received are the great desiderata. This being so, it may not be untimely to point out a few of the special privileges that Canadian Officers enjoy. To begin with, there are few, if any, Leaders in The Salvation Army, who have had more experience and commanded greater success in the conduct of Salvation Army operations outside Great Britain, than our own Commissioner. The natural result is that no Territorial Leader is more competent to advise—to give counsel than the present Leader of the Canadian forces. Again, few Leaders are equal in the ability to impart counsel—at once impressive and suited to the lowest capacity. The Commissioner's manner of address makes his talks wonderfully illuminating, instructive and inspiring.

LET US PRAY.

This being so, we counsel our comrades in the War to come to Toronto, or to whatever centre the Councils may be held, in the spirit of expectancy. But with an expectation not only based upon the human and spiritual gifts and graces of him who shall counsel us, but also upon a belief that God will answer the prayers that have been offered up to Heaven on behalf of these meetings, and that God may abundantly fit the Commissioner for the responsibilities which devolve upon him during this season. But before we can have faith we must have prayer—"Ask and receive," is a Divine injunction. Therefore all Officers should specially pray for an outpouring of Divine grace and wisdom—not only upon our Leaders, but upon all who shall listen. Many who will attend these Councils will be experienced Salvation warriors, but many again, will be comparatively inexperienced. Whatever our years of service may be, it will well become us all to have a teachable spirit—a mind that will enable us to absorb the words of spiritual light, or words of wisdom as to the methods and means of pushing on the Salvation War, to which we shall listen: to treat these Councils as the Divine plan by which we shall receive the oracles of God. The ancient Israelites received the knowledge of God's will concerning them from the tablets

THE GENERAL

HIGHLY GRATIFIED WITH CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

BOSTON'S RECEPTION OF OUR LEADER.



HE GENERAL was highly gratified with the public side of the Canadian Campaign, with the arrangements made for his personal comfort and with the keen vision of Commissioner Coombs and his Staff, as to the nation's possibilities; and how The Army can, to a certain extent, guide them in the right direction.

Soon after crossing the Border, under the pilotage of Brigadier Hoare, the Soldiers and friends at the various stations exhibited keen interest in The General's movements, but it was left for Augusta, however, to take The General unawares. As if by instinct, they found our Leader on the observation car, clad in his dressing gown. A humorous, but profitable talk was given to an enthusiastic crowd. The General chaffingly taunted his American brethren with having inculcated their neighbours' with a love for the dollar. Whilst giving a word picture of the royal road to happiness, the train pulled out, and the Augusta Soldiers looked as if they had got as near to The General as any crowd of Salvationists will during the next six weeks.

A Salvation Combine.

At Portsmouth, the Commander joined The General. What with Russo-Japanese peace plenipotentiaries, and The General and his warrior-child meeting here as a Salvation combine for the furtherance of The Salvation Army in the United States, Portsmouth is likely to become a landmark in the triumphs of peace in more senses than one.

Boston's reception was worthy of the ability of New England's ancient capital, to interpret The Salvation Army's spiritual potentialities, as well as the present day achievements of the local Corps. By unanimous greeting on the part of the Press, the Civic Corporation and city merchant friends, Boston registered its quota of proof as to the complete somersault that has taken place in public opinion of The Salvation Army.

A Great Reception.

America honours (not always wisely) the man who "gets there," and The General's entry into Boston expressed this characteristic in an un-

of stone; Gideon was instructed by the means of his fleece; it is reasonable to suppose that God will reveal His good pleasure concerning us by means of these Councils.—Pray for them.

ACT ON COUNSEL.

Another word concerning the Councils. We must not forget to act upon the counsel received, not play the part of the man, who, looking at himself in the glass, goes his way, and straightaway forgets what manner of man he was. Like Mary of old, let us treasure up in our hearts those things that God shall impart unto us,

mistakable manner. To quote the Boston Herald, "Hosts cheered him." It seemed to me as if railway officials, officers of the law, and the people responsible for vehicular traffic, abrogated all restrictions. To enable the Mayor to present an address and The General to reply, the police authorities presented The Army with the exclusive use of a street abutting on the great Causeway. There, five thousand people swarmed around the Mayor, The General and his Staff, who stood on an extemporised platform. The crowd shrieked, saluted, gesticulated welcomes, while illuminations, flash-light photographs, bombs and blasts of music mingled with the travelling plaudits.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

It was a magnificent welcome; a convincing, overwhelming fulfilment of the prophecy of years ago, as well as a popular attestation of The Army's place in this vast commonwealth. Boston leads the way.

I was immensely impressed with the quality of the Soldiers' meeting, at which eight hundred were present. Not a feature to which we attach high importance was absent, while there were one or two particulars which would be hard to excel in the land, that gave The Army birth. Forty-three fully surrendered to The General's appeal for out-and-out salvation; and fourteen names of Candidates for Officership were taken.

Wet, But Successful.

Sunday commenced with equinoctial rain, which continued throughout the day. The streets were deserted, nevertheless, immense audiences crowded the Boston Theatre. The arena was the scene of great events. The General's voice filled every inch of the vast building, and his discourses gripped the mind and conscience. There were one hundred surrenders for the week-end, and some idea of the attendances may be gathered from the fact that there was sixteen hundred dollars income.

The Governor of Massachusetts presided at the most magnificent assembly The General has yet addressed in Boston.

Altogether, the visit puts the seal on The Army's present position, and mapped out a new highway for greater progress.—A. M. Nicol.

so that His Kingdom may be extended, and the Flag of The Salvation Army wave over an ever victorious host.

We had two souls at the Mercy Seat at Westville on Sunday, one being a backslider. Sister Tanton, from Prince Edward Island, is on a visit here, and Brother Cameron also looked in on his way to Cape Breton. Brother Abbott has said good-bye to us, and gone to the Newfoundland Training Home. He was a good Soldier while here, and we pray that God will bless him much.—J. H.

Chief Secretary's Notes

The Commissioner is back again to Headquarters after taking part in The General's Campaign in the East, and is now working full stretch to catch up with the arrears of business that have accumulated in his absence. As usual, with the Commissioner, no sooner has one plan been successfully launched than he is busy with new ones.

By the time this news is read by the majority of our readers, the Anniversary Congress in Toronto will be in full swing. Our expectations run high for a glorious congress, followed by a wave of Salvation revival power throughout the Dominion.

Accompanied by the Staff Band, I spent last week-end at Smith's Falls and Tweed. The Band got to Smith's Falls at noon on Saturday, but my train was late, so I missed the afternoon meeting. At night the Town Hall was full, and the musical programme of the Band was much appreciated.

After the meeting we boarded the car for Tweed. Oh, how it rained! It rained all night and kept it up, more or less, all day on Sunday, so that the roads and streets were either pools of water or fields of mud. There are only fourteen hundred people in Tweed, but there is a rich farming district around it, from whence we had calculated on getting a large part of our congregation, but, who could come miles to town in such weather?

One must confess that our spirits felt a little dampened by the down-pour, still, we made the best of it. The Band did well. The crowd came in larger numbers than we dared to expect in such weather; God helped us, and ten souls came forward for salvation.

By the time we reached Toronto, on Monday morning, the clouds had rolled away, the sun was shining and amidst the stirring strains of some of the latest marches, we came along Yonge St. to Headquarters. Crowds lined the side-walks, horses pranced, street cars stopped, and the tall buildings of the business section echoed with salvation music.

Ensign Freeman, who has for the few months been busy with the erection of our St. John, N. B., No. 1, new Hall, has been promoted by the Commissioner to the rank of Adjutant. The Adjutant has worked faithfully and well in the past, and we prophesy for him a career of still greater usefulness in the future.

Brigadier and Mrs. Horn are very busy these days finishing up final arrangements for their journey to India. The Brigadier has, for so many years, occupied such important positions at Territorial Headquarters, and been such a recognised part of the Staff, that it seems hard to realise that he is to leave us so soon. Still, it is a fact that the passages of the Brigadier and his dear wife and family have been booked on the "Canada," sailing from Montreal on Oct. 19th. May God go with them to their new field of labour, India, where The Army has such unparalleled opportunities at the present time, and may the Brigadier, in the important position (Concluded on page 11.)

The General's Eastern Campaign

LAST HOURS IN CANADA.

Club Meetings, Civic Receptions and Government Favours.



Premier Murray.

Impressions, by Commissioner Nicol.

EVERY town in Canada has its Canadian Club. The object is to foster the National spirit, ventilate the vastness and variety of its resources, welcome distinguished visitors, and show them hospitality.

A few months ago St. John welcomed one of the most prominent citizens in the Empire; but the club-room was not full, nor did the arrangements run smoothly.

The General was the next visitor of note to the city. In this case the room was packed. The hospitable board was arranged by a new and interesting women's agency called "The Daughters of the King," and nothing could possibly exceed the warmth, nor the fervour and enthusiasm with which The General was received and cheered from start to finish. It was a great success.

The Governor sat at his side. President Henderson classified him "the foremost Englishman."

A Senator and Presbyterian minister moved the vote of thanks.

As "The General entered and left the Club, the Canadians sang, "For He's a jolly good fellow," at which The General looked a trifle ill at ease.

Everyone was delighted with The General's address, and was persuaded that The Army is cut out for steering Canada in its own way to the moral and material benefit of the people.

Halifax was great. The General could not get the use of the Academy of Music for his lecture, and meeting in the city; but the city honoured The General to a man. In fact, in the words of the Premier, there never was a "finer, larger or more representative gathering in the curling rink." The General was received by the Mayor and Corporation in the City Hall. It was an impressive function. The Governor, Mayor, judges, magistrates, aldermen, councillors, and leading citizens were present. An

address of welcome, prepared by a Roman Catholic, was presented to The General.

The General in his reply, exposed the fallacy in all its bearings that punishment is a remedy for crime. He insisted upon an entire change of view and treatment of the criminal. The General, during his stay, was the guest of Governor Frazer.

The Premier and Judge Longley lunched at the Government House with The General.

The meeting in the curling rink will live long in the memory and affections of all who were present. It was a masterpiece of topical reasoning and thrilling story. Judge Longley created a sensation by stating that he believed it would have been better for himself and the people had he joined The Salvation Army twenty years before; but he saw a judgeship looming before him and he shrunk from turning his back on it.

man's point of view, will no doubt be interesting.

St. John, N.B.

THE MORNING SERVICE.

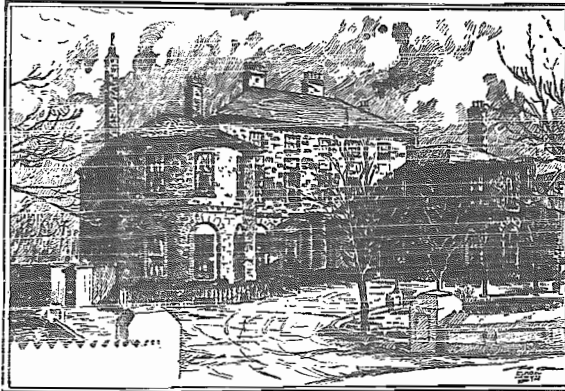
At the morning service, the Opera House was well filled, and General Booth was attentively heard. He spoke for an hour on the satisfaction of religion, and though his voice seemed husky, he showed much of his old-time vigour, and his words have lost none of their plainness or directness. Taking as his text, the words, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied," from Isaiah liii. 11, he said this passage was one which would be given different interpretations. There was no question, however, but that it would apply to the Saviour of mankind, who, after all His suffering and agony, could look down on the redeemed world and feel that He was satisfied. *Moscow.*

eral Booth spoke yesterday afternoon on "The Secret of Success of The Salvation Army." The relation of the speaker to his subject, would be enough to draw an enormous crowd anywhere; for who is more qualified to speak of the secret of The Army's success than the man in whose brain and heart the organisation originated, who has given his life to its growth and extension as a great agency for the moral and material uplifting of mankind.

When General Booth, with other Officers, entered at three o'clock, the Opera House was crowded in every part, and he was greeted with thunders of applause. Lieut.-Governor Hon. L. J. Tweedie was in the chair, and on the platform were J. D. Hazen, M.P.P., leader of the Provincial Opposition; George Robertson, M.P.P., Mayor Sears, Aldermen J. B. M. Baxter, J. Willet, J. King-Kelly, J. H. Sproul, J. B. Hamm, Rev. W. Camp, Rev. Chas. Comben, G. S. Mayes, Colonel G. R. White, D. O. C., Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bullock, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bullock. Commissioner Coombs announced a hymn and Colonel David Lamb offered prayer.

In introducing General Booth, the Lieut.-Governor spoke of the occasion, four years ago, when he presided at The General's meeting at St. John. At that time he had complimented The General that his eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated, and the same could be truly said of him to-day. With an apt quotation from Longfellow, the Lieut.-Governor closed, by wishing The General welcome on behalf of the people of New Brunswick.

When General Booth rose to speak it was some minutes before he could proceed, owing to the continued applause. His first words expressed thankfulness for the kindly reception given him whenever he visited St. John. Passing on to his subject, he said in part: "The subject which I have been given this afternoon is 'The Secret of the Success of The Salvation Army.' The mere articulation of this theme suggests that we consider The Army a success. I hope (Continued on page 12.)



The Government House, Halifax, N. S.

The General was the Guest of His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Fraser.

Governor Frazer, in the loudest and most compromising character endorsed The Army's emigration principles, and above all, its religion.

At Moncton, The General was received and entertained by Premier and Mrs. Robinson. The Town Band, as well as our own Staff Band played musical honours. The Staff were entertained at the expense of the Town Clerk. The Opera House was gorged at night to hear The General. Another great meeting and a startling eulogy by the Premier.

At 10.30 we boarded the cars, sorry to leave Commissioner Coombs and his Staff, with whom we have had sweet comradeship.

The arrangements for the all-too-short campaign were beyond praise.

They leave a good taste between the lips. Farewell!—A. M. N.

The Press of the Maritime Provinces has published most lengthy and well written reports of The General's meetings. A description of these services, from the newspaper-

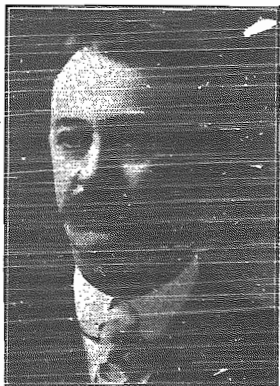
after his trials and bitter experiences could have looked across the Jordan from Mount Nebo on the promised land and feel satisfaction.

Some people never get past longing for religion. They said, "I wish and desire, and hope and long to be good" and imagine themselves very religious, but these did not have the true feeling of satisfaction. Other classes were those who felt they ought to be good, those who were continually vowing, and those who lived on the memory of good actions on their part. All these were not satisfied, but thank God there was a religion of satisfaction. "If you have it, hail Him with a thousand Hallelujah's." To possess the satisfied feeling, all that was necessary was to be conscious of the favour of God, be master of self and feel benevolence and love for the rest of mankind. The terms were: "Give up your sins, and do what God would have you do," and these were unalterable.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

Secret of Army's Success.

To an audience which packed the Opera House from pit to dome, Gen-



Premier Robinson.

The Week=End's Despatches.

The Reports Record a Splendid Week's Warfare. Sinners of all Kinds Have Been Saved.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE WANTED TO ENGAGE IN THIS GOOD WORK.

TWO WEDDINGS.

Brigadier Taylor Officiates at Both.

We have had a stirring week at Lisgar Street, and Brigadier Taylor was with us on two occasions to conduct a wedding ceremony. On Wednesday, Sister Martha Cadell was married to Sergeant Gibson, of Winnipeg, and on Saturday, Sister Bessie Langdon and Brother Hearn became one.

The Band and Corps fought hard on Sunday, and one soul came forward in the morning meeting and six at night. Captain McFetrick spoke very impressively on "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

OPEN-AIR ENROLLMENT.

Major Green Conducts Ceremony in Public Park.

We were delighted to have Major and Mrs. Green with us again at Woodstock, Ont., for the week-end.

On Saturday night in the open-air we had a very large crowd. All day on Sunday the presence of the Lord was felt. The Major's address was listened to with rapt attention by the Soldiers and friends.

In the afternoon we had an enrollment of Soldiers at Victoria Park. Finances were also good.

Sunday night one dear sister gave herself to God, and a backslider returned to the fold.—Mrs. Paul.

ROLL IS SWELLING.

Nine New Soldiers and Ten Penitents.

The St. Thomas warriors are being led on to victory by Adjutant and Mrs. Cooper.

Cadet Emily Crisp has farewelled for the Training College. We believe a useful career is ahead of our comrade.

Nine new Soldiers have been welcomed to the Corps; six, from England; two from Flint, Mich., U. S. A.; and one from the Far West. Ten precious souls have been seen at the Mercy Seat. Most of them are Young People, sons and daughters of our comrades.—Corps Correspondent.

THEIR ONE DESIRE.

Nine Souls Seek Salvation.

God is giving us the desire of our hearts at Wallaceburg. Nine precious souls have recently sought and found Salvation, and are proving God's grace sufficient to keep under all circumstances. We are at present very busy at Harvest Festival, in which God is blessing us very much. Our Junior Work is also progressing nicely.—Captain Wright and Lieutenant Crawford.

DUCKS AND PILLOWS.

Staff-Captain Collier Auctions Off These Gifts.

The Vancouver Corps has just finished one of the most successful Harvest Festival week-ends in its history, under the direction of Staff-Captain Hayes, assisted by Captain Knudson and Adjutant and Mrs. Wakefield. After a very impressive talk in the business meeting by Adj. Wakefield twelve comrades came forward for sanctification and got victory.

Large crowds attended our meetings in the afternoon and at night, and the Band did justice to the occasion by rendering appropriate Harvest music. Mrs. Wakefield and Willie sang, also Captain Knudson, and Staff-Captain Hayes gave an impressive address which resulted in six souls seeking pardon.

On Monday we had a special praise meeting, led by Brigadier Smeeton. Adjutant Gosling and Mrs. Captain Laidlaw were present and gave short addresses, and Staff-Captain Collier acted as auctioneer. Everything was quickly sold; the ducks and sofa pillows commanding high prices.

FAITH WAS HONOURED.

Victorious Campaign For Souls Progressing.

The campaign for souls at Yorkville promises to be one long to be remembered, and many souls are getting saved every week, much to the joy of our worthy leaders. Backsliders are returning home to God and to the Army, and the new converts are taking their stand well.

Last Sunday was a good day to our souls. At our knee-drill we met thirty-one strong, and had a blessed time.

God honoured our faith and labours by giving us four souls for the day. We were pleased to have with us Staff-Captain Creighton, of Kingston, and Captain Mary Jones, who is an ever welcome visitor at the Yorkville Corps.

We are expecting great times at Yorkville in the near future, when we get our new Barracks, which is well under way.—Secretary.

We have welcomed our new Officer to Fortune—Capt. Butler—whom we are believing God is going to make a blessing in this place. He has already won his way into the hearts of many people.

On Sunday Captain Butler conducted the funeral of Mr. Piercy, an old, and well-known friend of The Army, and father of one of our Soldiers. Some of the Captain's remarks were very pointed and many hearts were touched. At the memorial service, which was a very impressive one, many were under conviction, though none yielded.—L.

WORDS OF FIRE.

A Call for Labourers and a Warning to Sinners.

Captains Brackett and Simpson assisted by Miss Violet Henderson, were at Chester on Harvest Festival Sunday. In the holiness meeting Captain Simpson pointed out to the people the great need for labourers in God's Harvest field. The open-air were well attended, and in the afternoon we had a prayer and thanksgiving service. The singing of Violet was much appreciated. The Hall was packed at night, and God came near and touched our hearts. Captain Brackett took the lesson, and dealt with the people plainly. Her words were words of fire, and three souls yielded to Christ.

ENCOURAGING RESULTS.

What Occurred at Knee-Drill.

We are having splendid times at Kenora, and on Wednesday God blessed our efforts, and we had the joy of seeing two souls decide to follow Jesus. Another young man asked for our prayers, and we are believing for him. We started knee-drill two weeks ago, and though only a few come, yet we were greatly encouraged one morning to see one brother seek the Lord.—Cyril Taylor, for Ensign Wilson and Lieut. Kinella.

SELLING GOODS BY AUCTION.

Proceeds Amounted to Fifty Dollars.

We have had a successful week-end at Halifax N. On Thursday our Harvest Festival sale took place, and the Juniors performed a hoop-drill and march. The Hall was nicely decorated, and the wives of some of the town merchants had a booth in one corner, while in another Serg. Major Mills served out ice cream. Some Hindoos were also present. Captain Hargraves acted as auctioneer and we realized \$50. Great crowds attended the open-air meetings on Saturday and Sunday, and we rejoiced to see two souls at the Mercy Seat on Sunday night.—W.B.K.R.S.

Envoys Gerow was with us at Woodstock, N. B., for the week-end, and we received great blessing through his powerful addresses. Twenty-nine were on the march in the afternoon, and twenty-three at night. Good audiences were present.—Sunny Jim.

Ensign and Mrs. Stickland and Captain Loveless are doing their best to push on the War at Harbor Grace. Sunday was a day of victory. We were assisted in the night meeting by Ensign Trickey and Captain Jones, and six souls came to the Mercy Seat.—W. C. C.

We have had a good week at Nelson. Four souls came to the front—one in the jail meeting. The Grand Forks Officers visited us for two or three days, and Captain Johnston and family passed through on Friday night. Two new Soldiers were enrolled last week.—Lloyd Jackson.

We had the joy at St. John's N.B., on Sunday of seeing two souls come to the Cross. We are praying that God will bless and keep them.—Sergeant-Major Hutchinson.

ROWING TO KNEE-DRILL.

Young man Converted through Reading the War Cry.

We are having good times at Cornwall. Our excursion down the St. Lawrence to Standby Island was a success, although the rain frightened some from coming, and over one hundred and twelve dollars was realized. Captain Webber and Corps-Cadet Willie Goodier, of Montreal, were with us for the day, also for the Sunday meetings, and their singing and music was much enjoyed by all.

One of our comrades, Bro Denny, who is about 60 years of age, walked 7 miles to knee drill, and Brother Moses Square is to be found at knee-drill every Sunday after 3½ miles of a row up the river.

One young man, recently kneeling at our Penitential form and giving himself to God, said it was the result of his reading the War Cry in the hospital, and decided as soon as he was able to come to The Army and give himself to God and be a worker as those he had been reading about.

A few nights ago we had a meeting at Mill-Roches. A good crowd was in attendance both at the open-air and in the Church, and we believe a lasting good was done.—Lieut. N. Armstrong, for Mrs. Staff-Captain Perry.

SAT ON THE FLOOR.

Some Self-Denying Soldiers.

We have just celebrated our Harvest Festival at Galt. The Soldiers and friends united with us in decorating our Hall, and a lot of fruit, vegetables, flowers, etc., was sent in, so that we had a very nice display. Staff-Captain Hay was with us for the week-end. On Sunday night our Hall was packed, and a number of our Soldiers gave up their seats to the audience, and sat on the floor. The finances were excellent. On Monday night we had Staff-Captain Hay for salesman, and all the goods were disposed of, and a nice sum raised towards the target.—Captain M. Pense.

PUBLIC INTEREST AROUSED.

Crowds Flock to Listen.

Great crowds stand around the open-air in Berlin. Before we go out upon the street, the people are waiting for us, and the crowd is so great that we are not allowed to hold our open-air on the main street on Sunday night, so we go to the Market Square.

On Sunday evening, a young man followed us to the Hall, and at the close of the meeting, he came and gave his heart to God.—N. P.

THANK GOD FOR S. A.

These People Appreciate Their Work.

We are having great times at Shelburne, N. S. The Harvest Festival was a sweeping success. Soldiers and friends gave liberally of their garden produce, and the platform resembled a Market place. Everyone who saw it was surprised, and thanked God for sending The Army to the town. Crowds have doubled, and finances trebled, and God crowned our efforts with two souls.—Captain Beeroff.

THE FOUR GLEANERS.

Harvest Festival a Success.

The Officers of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., assisted by a few of the Soldiers, recently held a meeting at Pine Grove Church, a good crowd was present in spite of the rain.

The Harvest Festival has been a success. On Saturday Mrs. Adjutant Mercer and three of the Sisters wearing white aprons and broad hats trimmed with wheat, sang the chorists' Song. Brother Jackson, from the Canadian Soo, was with us on Sunday. Captain Chislett and Lieut. Marshall were with us on Monday, also two Juniors from Midland. We had an auction sale of goods, which had been donated by the merchants, and also had a good meeting.—M. Murray.

A LASTING LESSON.

Will Now Do Right at All Costs.

Since last report the Dauphin Corps has had the joy of seeing three souls turn unto the Lord.

One brother in his testimony stated that he had learned a lesson that would last him through life, and he has now purposed in his heart to follow God at all costs.

On Wednesday, September 11th, a Soldiers' Tea was given, under the direction of our Officers. Owing to the disagreeable weather some were unable to be present, but sixteen Soldiers and recruits sat down to a sumptuous repast. The balance of the evening was spent in prayer and song.—Thos. F. Steckley.

SOME MIGHTY CAPTAINS.

Working, Believing and Preaching.

Captain W. White was at Sussex for the week-end and everybody was pleased to see him, as he is an old friend here.

The Territorial Staff Band paid us a visit recently, and gave an open-air concert, with which everybody was delighted and gave very liberally to the collection. A hearty welcome awaits the Band for another visit.

Captains Clark and McWilliams and Lieutenant Burnett were with us on Tuesday night, which proved to be a time of blessing to many.—E. M. Doyle.

A NEW LEADER.

Six Captures Made.

We have several interesting items to report from North Bay this week.

Ensign Jarvis has arrived amongst us fresh from the Southern battlefields, to lead on our local forces. Lieutenant Willis is at present assisting him.

We have recently had the joy of pointing to the Saviour's feet, six dear souls; two of whom claimed pardon, at our service in the jail, on Sunday morning. Jesus sets the "prisoner" free.—Fritz.

We had a good day at Winnipeg Hill, on Sunday, and one backslider came to the Penitent-Form. Captain Russell and Sergt. Clark, from Grace Hospital were with us. Our Harvest Festival sale was on Tuesday night, Ensign Weir being the auctioneer. The goods were quickly disposed of, and good prices were obtained. Capt. Pearce was amongst the cash, and Mrs. Major Taylor did well in the bedding line.—C.C.

GO OFF THE CAR.

Drunkard Aroused By Army Songs.

Ingersoll has had good meetings this week-end. Saturday night's open-air was especially remarkable, when a poor drunkard knelt at the drum-head crying for mercy; the huge crowd around being considerably impressed with the sight.

Another victim of drink after paying his fare on the street car, got off before it started, awakened to a need of the Saviour by the singing. He did not drink then, but promised to seek the Lord when he reached his destination.

POWERFUL OPEN-AIRS.

Two More Soldiers Enrolled.

The devil is getting it hard here at Chesley. Our open-air meetings are powerful and good crowds assemble. On Wednesday evening we had a Soldiers' tea. After the comrades had sat down to a well filled table, Brother Hoffer gave us some interesting recitations and solos, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

On Sunday night two comrades were enrolled under the good old Army Flag.

We are bringing in our Harvest Festival target, and praying for a harvest of souls.—Mary Wales, Lieut.

A BUSY CAPTAIN.

Zealous For the Right.

We are marching on to victory at Clark's Beach. Since Captain Woolfrey has taken charge here, four have become Soldiers and a number have been converted. The Captain is kept quite busy. He has just finished shingling the Barracks, and is now starting to paint the inside. He is all alive and full of zeal for God and souls.

We had impressive meetings on Sunday, and felt encouraged to go on for greater things.—Treasurer.

Adjutant Ogilvie recently visited Dog Bay, and spent three days with us. The meetings were all well attended on Sunday, and at night we rejoiced to see two souls at the Mercy Seat. A special Soldiers' meeting was held on Monday, and the Adjutant gave a very interesting address on Consecration.—L. C. C.

God is blessing our efforts for others at Heart's Delight. On Sunday we did our best and rejoiced to see two wanderers find the Saviour, making three for the week. Captain Matthews and Lieutenant Peach are leading us on.—L. C.

We are glad to report that the Harvest Festival Effort at Huntsville was a success. Captain and Mrs. Jordan held farewell services on the 15th. We had a day of rich blessing to our souls, and ended up with two penitents at the Cross. Mrs. Adjutant Howell recently paid us a visit, and we were glad to see her. Captain Carey has come to carry on the work here.—E. Pells.

We had a farewell shingle social at Fort William on September 10th, when Cadets Waterworth and Homes said good-bye. The Hall was packed and everyone enjoyed the meeting.—P. E. L., for Ensign Crego.

A BANDSMAN'S WEDDING.

Two Fernie Soldiers United by Staff-Captain Coombs.

Since our last report from Fernie we have had wonderful times. Souls have been saved and several Soldiers from the Old Land have been welcomed into our midst. The Band is steadily on the increase and are having a struggle at present, trying to raise finance for more instruments.

Captain and Mrs. Johnston and Lieutenant Wright have just given us a ten days' visit. They were a blessing to many weary hearts and their music and singing was much appreciated.

We regret that Ensign Pickle has been unable for some time to be at the head of the fight, owing to suffering from painful neuralgia; but we trust in a day or so, to see her in the front again.

Bandsman Venables has taken to himself a wife—Sister Simms being the happy bride. Staff-Capt. Coombs, of Calgary officiated.

The Harvest Festival is here, and by God's help our target shall be reached. The Band had charge of the meetings all day on Sunday, and one precious soul was willing to give up his sin and take up his Cross.—Silvers, for Ensign Pickle.

A BRISK SALE.

Collectors Relate Experiences.

Captain Nutt and Lieut. Potter, of Chester, must be congratulated upon their success at the Harvest Festival tea and sale. Their labours were abundantly rewarded in every way. The crowd was good, the meeting a lovely one, and the sale brisk. The experiences of Captains Wheeler and Nutt, and Lieutenants Coty and Potter, while out collecting, were very interesting. The display of vegetables was very good, and excellent prices were obtained. Their target is secure. Our comrades are standing bravely here, and an enrollment of recruits is soon to take place.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Successful H. F. Celebrations.

We closed a very successful Harvest Festival week-end at Windsor, Ont., with a sale of goods, on Monday evening.

All day on Sunday there was a spirit of praise and thanksgiving on the part of the large crowds who attended the services—the Hall being too small to seat those who came. Many spoke well of the appearance of the same. Finances were the highest for many months past, and our two-hundred dollar target is in sight.—Staff-Captain Goodwin.

We had a very interesting meeting at St. John's I., recently, in which Adjutant Smith related his life travels illustrated by about eighty pictures. The meetings on Sunday were very powerful, and the Band rendered excellent music. One soul surrendered.—R. B.

Since our last report from Moose Jaw, seven souls have sought the Saviour. On Sunday night three came to the Mercy Seat and went away rejoicing.—T. J. G.

WORK IS REVIVING.

Many Improvements are Made.

Since Captain Clark and his Lieutenant came to Hillsboro, the work has revived, and the Barracks now presents quite an attractive appearance, with a new coat of paint on it and some new seats. The spiritual side of the work is progressing as well and large crowds now attend our meetings; while six souls have been saved and many brought under deep conviction. The Captain is well liked by the people here, and not for years has the S. A. been in so flourishing a condition, as it is at present.—J. L. C.

STRONGLY ENTRENCHED.

Signs of Renewed Spiritual Life and Activity.

The Holy Spirit is working in our midst at Dresden, and the Corps here is experiencing wonderful times of blessing. Deserters of long standing are returning to the ranks, while the hearts of others who have not been in the service are deeply affected by the earnest exhortation and pleading of Lieutenant Galden, who is already strongly entrenched in the affections of all classes of the people.

Last Sunday evening three souls came out to the Penitent-Form. One of these was a former Soldier, and all were rejoiced to see him take this step. An especially pleasing event the same evening was the dedication to God's service, under The Army Flag, of the infant child of one of our Soldiers.—F. W. P.

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.

The work of God is still on the move at Orillia. Since our last report we have said good-bye to Candidate Pearl Myers, who has farewelled and gone to the Training College. She has been a good faithful Soldier and will be missed very much in the Corps. Although only saved about seven months, yet, in that time God has used her to the helping and blessing of other souls. We pray that God will make her a still greater blessing in the future.

One precious soul sought God in her farewell service.—A. M. A.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

(Continued from page 8.)

tion of General Secretary to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, find a still greater opportunity of consecrating his gifts and powers to the service of God and the War. Our prayers and best wishes follow them.

What about the new Financial Secretary? Ah, that is the next important question, but we must not go too fast, or give away all the news at once, so wait a little, and we shall see what we shall see.

Our Officers' sick list is rather heavy just now, and includes Mrs. Staff-Captain Coombs, of Calgary, who has just been operated upon for a second time, and whose condition, at the time of writing, is serious. Then there is Mrs. Adjutant Williams, of the new "Hostel," who has been seriously ill for the past few weeks, but is now, praise God, somewhat better. Pray for these, and our other sick Comrades, that the Lord will soon raise them up again.

THE GENERAL'S EASTERN CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from page 9.)



Judge Longley.

that no one will gather from this that we are doing any vain boasting. Instead of boasting of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more."

The General was closely followed and loudly applauded. In his direct virile manner he laid down facts regarding the great organisation of which he is the head, and presented facts and figures which gave some idea of the magnitude of the work being accomplished. Public opinion, he declared, was favorable to The Army, and he thought had good reason to be, from what had been accomplished.

Mr. Hazen, M.P.P., moved a vote of thanks to General Booth, which was seconded by Mr. Robertson, M.P.P. In acknowledging the vote, The General moved, and as he humourously put it, to save time, seconded a similar one to Lieut.-Governor Tweedie. The singing of the Doxology brought the great meeting to a close.

EVENING MEETING.

In the evening the Opera House was crowded to the doors. On the stage were the Staff Band and a large number of Salvationists, and the following Officers: Commissioner Nicol, Commissioner, Coombs, Colonel Pugmire, Colonel Lamb, Colonel Sowton, Canadian Chief Secretary; Major Morris, in charge of the Band; Brigadier Turner, Major Phillips and Brigadier Cox. After singing and prayer, Colonel Lawley sang, "Hark, Hear the Saviour's Knocking." A collection was then taken, during which the Band played selections.

Before proceeding with his address, General Booth announced that Brigadier Turner would be prepared to see any that felt it a duty to become Officers in The Army. For his text The General took Matthew xxvii. 22. "What shall I do then with Jesus?" He likened Pilate's indecision to that of people to-day to declare themselves for God for fear of worldly results. Pilate desired to free Christ, and could have done so had he desired, but he feared losing the favour of the Emperor and the people.

"Many people to-day, said The General, were willing to do right and acknowledge Christ, but they were afraid that it would interfere with pleasures, or business, and perhaps be displeasing to wife or husband, or some relative or friend. As there was not water enough in this world or the next to wash the blood of Christ off Pilate's hand, neither also

could they shift to others the responsibility for failure to go to God. General Booth told his experience of religion sixty-two years ago and asked them to look at the results as an evidence of what God could do if they would only believe in Him. He had had many trials and tribulations, but never had he regretted his choice.

"This is probably the last time I will see you on this earth," said the speaker, "and I come to save you. I come to put your feet on the way to Paradise." He then asked all those who felt a desire to cast off their sins to come forward, and many did so. Before the meeting closed there were twenty-five men and women at the Mercy Seat.

PRESIDENT HENDERSON'S ADDRESS.

At the Canadian Club, St. John.

General, Your Honor, Guests, Fellow-members:

A celebrated Bishop once urged his Synod to have added to the prayers "From introducers and introducers good Lord deliver us."

Unfortunately I am an introducer. Our last was a Government Luncheon. We had the politicians. It appears the plums fell to the few. Some say even the "grits" ran short. To quell these turbulent spirits your executive, equal to every emergency, have summoned The Army, with The General himself in command. For once, legislators brought Salvationists.

Is it not very fitting that the King's Daughters should be the commissariat to furnish supplies to The Salvationists? The Daughters of the King have put up a feast fit for the gods. Peace and plenty. Surely, General, this is a bloodless victory. First legislation, then salvation.

Mark Twain on one occasion wrote, "Be good and you'll be lonesome." The General, I am sure, would write "Be good and you will have comrades and friends." That old adage, "Be good and you'll be happy," should be reversed and read "To be happy you must be good and do good."

What is the real reason that causes us to honour men? Surely not fine trappings, not pedigree, not title, not lands or possessions or even wives, but do we not, down deep in our hearts, honour men because they can do things? You know, there are men who can accomplish something when bolstered up with a good deal of encouragement, but give me the man who can do things in spite of discouragements.

All honour, I say, to the men who are doing the world's work to-day. Work and love is the fulfilling of the law. In this twentieth century orators go in raptures over the mighty natural forces harnessed by men, but in looking at our guest of to-night, we stand



Mr. Joseph Bullock, Who entertained The General at St. John, N. B.

in admiration and even awe of the mighty power of love in man for his weaker brother, in that it has moved into action millions in men, millions in money and resulted in the salvation of tens of thousands. Paul cried out, "This one thing I do." The General at the Canadian Club in Toronto, cried out, "I fiddle on one string." Both men have secured tremendous results.

Britain is the only great nation in all history that ever learned to colonise successfully, and our Guest is perhaps the greatest British coloniser, of

the greatest colonising nation the world has ever known. What an enormous debt Canada, Canadians and Canadian Clubs owe to him! In fact, I would like to introduce him to you, fellow members, not as a great coloniser the world over, not as a leader of men, not as a preacher of the Gospel, and not even as the Grand Old General of The Salvation Army, but as the very NESTOR of Canadian Immigration Agents, with 40,000 emigrants to Canada to his credit in two short years.

Long Live the General.

Halifax Hears and Honours a Captain of Humanity.

Halifax honoured itself yesterday in honouring General Booth—a man whom Governor Fraser and Mr. Justice Longley united at last night's meeting in speaking of as one whose name ranks among the greatest in history. It is an inspiration to see and hear such a man. Seventy-nine years "young," not old, some one has said. Few men twenty years younger than General Booth could stand the strain that he almost daily undergoes—on the platform and on it, in his round-the-world journeys. Take yesterday: The General replied in a long and vigorous speech to the civic addresses; he gave an interview to the newspaper men, and in the evening he spoke for more than an hour and a quarter.

The evening meeting was a magnificent one, held in the curling club on Bland Street, in the far extreme of the southern part of the city. Yet it was crowded by an audience that listened with the closest attention to The General's speech. It was a wonderful speech, and it was not strange that it held those who heard it spellbound—a narration of a grand movement, and of self-sacrificing, noble and successful endeavour. General Booth's voice was not loud, but very penetrating, and probably his words were all distinctly heard throughout the great building, the acoustics of which, naturally, were not of the best.

Hon. Premier Murray's Appreciation.

Hon. Premier Murray was in the chair, and on the platform was a company of the best known men in the professional and commercial life of Halifax.

In introducing General Booth, the Premier said that he doubted if ever Halifax had welcomed a man who deserved the honour more richly than he whom we were to hear to-night. The Salvation Army had made history, and it had a splendid record. General Booth, he said, was a friend of Canada, one who had helped to impress the British public with an idea of Canada's worth, and who was the leader of a movement that had brought nearly 20,000 people to this country in a year. For his own part, Mr. Murray gladly added his personal tribute to the value of the splendid work done by General Booth and The Salvation Army.

The Joshua of the Present Age.

On rising The General was given an ovation, and on the conclusion of the speech a cordial vote of thanks was moved by Lieut.-Governor Fraser, who spoke of The General as "the Joshua of the present age." Mr. Justice Longley said The General was a man of history; that for himself, he would rather be General Booth to-night than the greatest military general he knew, and that he felt how much nobler it would have been for him twenty years ago, to have sought distinction in such a work as that of General Booth, than in the path that he and others had chosen. To-day there was not a proud capital in the world that would not gladly receive General Booth with open arms.

The motion was put by Premier Murray, and carried by a standing vote. This was followed by a few graceful words of appreciation by The General, and then by a motion, mov-

ed and seconded by General Booth, in recognition of the courtesy of the Premier, who had so well presided.

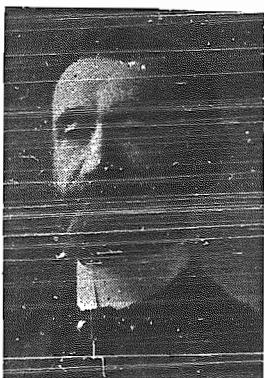
Halifax Honours a Man of History.

The City Council held a unique meeting in the afternoon. For the first time in years the well-known voices of Aldermen Hubley and Johnson were silent, and a greater than either held the undivided attention of the hundreds of spectators. The audience was remarkable, representatives of the clergy of all denominations being present, in addition to Premier Murray, Governor Fraser, Mr. Justice Longley, and many leaders in Church and State.

Mayer MacIsaac sat in his chair wearing his official robe and chain of office. On his right sat one of the world's greatest men, General William Booth, the founder of The Salvation Army. Recorder Bell was in his accustomed seat at the left of the Mayor's chair.

The Civic Address to The General.

City Clerk Monaghan called the roll. He then read an extract from the minutes of the last meeting, which culminated in the great reception of the afternoon.



The Hon. F. J. Sweeney, Moncton, N.B.

The engrossed copy of the city corporation's address was then unrolled and read. It was as follows:—

The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Halifax desire to extend to you a hearty welcome on your arrival in this city.

The great movement for the reform and elevation of the masses, with which your name has been identified, has extended to our city, and a branch of The Army has for many years been engaged here in the same beneficent work with which it has covered the globe. We are glad to be able to say that that work has not been confined to the care of men's souls only, great and important as that is, but has also manifested itself in that most practical and efficient charity, which, while relieving want and suffering, endeavours also to elevate and reform the recipients.

To have conceived this gigantic enterprise, to have given it an organisation of such strength, and at the same time of such simplicity and elasticity, and to have inspired it

with the enthusiasm which has carried it over the world, and still continues to animate its members, is surely one of the greatest achievements of our age of great achievements.

We rejoice that you have been spared to a long life, to see such fruit of your labours, and we trust that many years of honour and happiness still remain in store for you.

After a member of the Staff had taken the address in charge, the venerable leader arose. His tall, straight form was clothed in a black uniform. A white rose and a bow of red ribbon were pinned to his breast. His snow-white hair and beard showed the effects of time, but his voice was strong and smooth.

Loud applause greeted The General as he rose. Everybody stood up for a time in respect to him. Then his clear voice rang out in the message below. The General thanked the corporation for the address. Its construction and expression showed the kindly sentiment which inspired its presentation. His memory recalled other pleasant meetings in the city. Whenever he came the people rose in welcome to him, thus showing their sympathy with the object to which he was devoting his life. He was glad to see the increased force of the present welcome, as it showed The Salvation Army work had not gone down in Halifax. His predictions of hy-gone days were now justified. They had been very much misunderstood—none more so than himself. That darkness with respect to methods and aims has largely been dissipated, and the philanthropic and religious world now take them at their worth.—The Halifax Evening Mail.

At Moncton.

Moncton yesterday extended a very warm welcome to General Booth, the distinguished head of The Salvation Army. General Booth spent the day quietly at the residence of Premier Robinson, and in the evening addressed a large gathering of representative citizens in the Opera House.

Admission to the Opera House was by ticket, and long before eight o'clock, at which hour the meeting began, the sale of tickets was stopped and only those who had secured admission previously could get in. This meant that not only was the Hall uncomfortably crowded, but hundreds were turned away, and had to be content with a glimpse of the distinguished visitor at the entrance of the hall.

The arrival of the Citizen's Band was the signal that the Grand Old Man was in the building, and the local band came in for some well deserved applause on its own account. Finally, the leaders, who were privileged to support General Booth on the platform, made their appearance, and threaded their way among the people to the stage, among the last of the long line, with the Premier and the Hon. F. J. Sweeney close at hand, being The General himself. He was greeted with loud applause and cheers, which broke out afresh as he made his way to the raised barrier, from which he was to deliver his address, and took his seat in the centre of the platform.

The Civic Address.

As soon as the noise of the cheering had died away, and after the opening hymn and a prayer by Commissioner Nicol, Mayor White arose and read to The General, the formal Civic address from the City of Moncton:—

"To the Rev. William Booth, LL.D., General and Head of The Salvation Army.

"Venerable and most respected Sir: It is my grateful duty to address you a few words of welcome in the name of the citizens of Moncton, who are honoured by your presence among them to-day. In their name I welcome you, and in no mere perfunctory manner, but from a sense of reverential respect for one who has done such signal honour to his chosen calling.

Your long and honoured career in your varied work marks you as a man

of indomitable courage. The word "Impossible" seems to have no place in your dictionary.

"Earnest, diligent, strenuous, you have pointed the way of a useful and happy life to millions of the human race, and your Christian graces have been fed, invigorated and animated by universal charity. Though I have all faith so that so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing."

"In your small beginning there was evidently a fixedness of purpose; and with a heart to conceive, a head to contrive and a hand to execute, there has come into your harvest such a yield as causes the world to marvel; and which, be you never so modest, must gladden your heart and remain a source of great joy to you in your maturer years.

"With your methods for uplifting the morally weak and rescuing the socially unfortunate, many of us are somewhat familiar. Your success is

introduce The General

He realised, he said, that he was there in a purely contemporaneous position, and he did not wish to make a long speech. He was sure that all the people of Moncton were proud and glad to welcome The General to their midst. General Booth, he declared, needed no introduction. His name was a household word all the world over. The way The General and his great organisation had lived down the suspicions and opposition of the whole world was no new story; and the world was now forced to recognise the importance and worth of The General's work and the work for the good of suffering humanity done by his organisation, The Salvation Army. (Cheers.)

The General.

The rising of The General to open his address was the signal for a renewed outburst of cheering. When it had somewhat quieted The General

might perhaps have a little less religion, but we should have a good deal more Christianity. (Applause.)

In New Brunswick.

The audience, he continued, had heard with great interest the splendid story of the organisation of The Army. There had come of late years an increased knowledge among the general public of the methods and results of The Army's work, and even in the Province of New Brunswick the people were beginning to show greater recognition of the good done by The Army. The Province has been rapturous over the assistance and help of The Army's emigration and colonisation work. The Army was bringing to our shores good men and women, all of them with the makings of splendid settlers in them, and the Province was prepared to do what it could to assist The Army in its splendid work. (Applause.)

In conclusion, he had very great pleasure in moving the vote of thanks to The General for coming to Moncton and speaking to them, and for his wonderful work in the common cause of suffering humanity.

To Second the Motion.

In the absence of Mr. F. W. Sumner, who is in Halifax, Captain J. E. Masters seconded the vote. He told how he had watched the growth of The Army for twenty-five years, and watched its achievements in Calcutta and in many other great cities of the world. He had seen the great possibilities in the movement from the start, and he had been with The Army all along. The people of the Maritime Provinces knew of the work of The Army in their midst, and the people of our own city could testify that The Army was not wasting its time. (Applause.)

Premier Robinson rose and put the vote to the meeting. "All in favour," he said, "will please shout 'Aye.'" And there was not a doubt of the answer. Once again The General rose and expressed his thanks to the chairman and to the audience. He said he wished himself to propose a vote of thanks to the Premier, "and while I am on my feet," he said, "I will take the liberty of also seconding it." The General called for a show of hands on the vote, which was unanimously carried. The meeting then closed with the singing of the Doxology.

Russia's Reign of Terror.

The Russian police statistics for the month of August record the carrying out of thirty-one sentences of death, the assassination of three hundred and nine persons, of whom one hundred and seven were Government officials, and two hundred and two were citizens, and the wounding of one hundred and seventy three people in various encounters. Thus, the grim tragedy goes on, and scenes of horror are enacted which recall the terrible French revolution of over a century ago. It is stated on fair authority, that since Father Capote's Red Sunday, on June 22, 1905, the victims of riots, open insurrection, assassination, judicial murder and legal execution number over forty-seven thousand persons. A large number of these have been Government officials, whose death, the Terrorists hoped, would strike dismay into the hearts of the autocracy, and bring about self-government by the people. The policy of the revolutionaries, however, has been a failure so far, and all that has resulted has been the calling together of a farcical Duma, and the making of many promises.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

Human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of system.

The first condition of goodness is something to love, the second, something to reverence.



An Interesting Group, Taken at St. John, N. B.

Beginning with the Commissioner, comes Commissioner Nicol, Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Howell. The second row commences with the Chief Secretary, who is followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Pugmire and Colonel Lamb. The latter is the head of the Emigration Work in London, Eng.

evidence of your sublime idea of duty.

"Social distinction and wealth have not captivated you; your ambition has been to serve neglected society, to add your liberal share toward the progress and improvement of man's better nature, and to elevate the standard of Christianity in all that the word implies.

"As a citizen of the British Empire we welcome you; as a patriot of the noblest type, and as a Christian gentleman we bespeak for you the continued confidence of all, and wish you many years of health, happiness and usefulness in your chosen sphere.

"Thanking you for the honour you have done us by this visit, I remain on behalf of the citizens of Moncton,

"Yours most respectfully,
"FRED. J. WHITE,
Mayor."

The illuminated address, which was done on parchment, was an artistic piece of work, and reflected the highest credit on Mr. A. C. Selig, by whom it was executed.

The Premier.

At the close of the reading of the civic address, the Hon. O. W. Robinson arose amid general applause, to

begin his address. His voice, rather low at first, gradually rose as he warmed to his work, and his hearers settled down, so that by the time he was fairly launched on his subject he was plainly heard in the farthest corners of the house.

The Grand Old Man sat down after speaking for over an hour and a half, and the sound of the tinkling of coins on the offertory plates was drowned by the applause with which the people of Moncton expressed their approval of him.

The Surveyor-General.

After the cheers had somewhat lessened the Hon. F. J. Sweeney stepped to the front to propose the vote of thanks to The General.

The people of Moncton, he said, were proud and happy to have the opportunity of listening to General Booth. It made no difference to what church or denomination his audience might belong, each one would realise the vast amount of good which The Salvation Army was doing in the community. The Surveyor-General admitted that as The General was speaking he had been impressed with the idea that if there was a little more of The Salvation Army spirit abroad in the world, we

TOM OF THE FENS.

POACHER AND
OUTLAW.

A SERIAL STORY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST.

CHAPTER X.

IN A CONVICT PRISON.

JUDGING from outward appearances, Tom had now touched the bottom of social degradation—he was a convict! Though his crime had not been nearly so black as the majority of those committed by the men who shared his prison, for five long years he would be the associate of experts in every kind of vice and crime. But the worst part of the business was that the only good likely to result from the experiment would be one poacher less in the Fens, and fewer chances of promotion for the police.

When Tom arrived at the prison he was marched downstairs to the same floor as the baths, stripped of his clothes, and made to put on those of a convict.

Having selected a cap from a heap of dirty-looking things, Tom was then marched upstairs again, and introduced to his cell. Every convict on entering the service has to undergo

Nine Months' Separate Confinement in a cell by himself, working in that cell, except for exercise, or to go to chapel.

During those nine months no remission is given, no matter how exemplary his conduct may be; but for the remainder of the sentence, if he obtains the full number of marks—eight per day—which can only be earned by good conduct and the completion of his day's work, he is allowed remission equal to three months in each year, or one fourth of his sentence, except the nine months. The full amount of marks for a man to earn in a year is 2,950. It is seldom a man goes through a whole term of service without losing some marks, and customers like Tom, never. The fact that the warders are themselves human is partly responsible for the fact.

On entering the prison the men are asked to choose their religion, the choice resting between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and whatever a man declares for on entrance, he must stick to till his sentence expires. Of course Tom claimed to be a Protestant, though, like too many more, he did not "do much at it."

One morning he, with a number of other Protestants, tried at the same sessions,

Was Marched into the Cage

under the church gallery and looked in. The sound of the key grating in the lock did not raise Tom's spirits; he realised that he was a slave, and that thought lasted throughout the service, to the exclusion of anything more helpful.

Poor Tom! He wanted to be free, and all his efforts to obtain that freedom had ended in the worst kind of slavery. He had made a great mistake in thinking that happiness and rest were to be found in the

freedom of the wild beast or the freedom of him whose hand is against his neighbour. Even though by sheer brute force, he had obtained such freedom, there would yet have remained the

Slavery of Ignorance and of Sin,

which would sooner or later have poured bitterness into his cup, no matter how sweet the first sips had been.

The longest day has an end, and Tom's long isolation was no exception. One morning he was told to clean his cell, and shortly after he was marched down to the yard with others.

Several "Black Marias" were drawn up in the yard. Then they knew they

shout from a warder, who threw him a towel.

On his return to the spot where he had undressed, he found that his clothes had disappeared. Snatching the towel from his hand, the warder shouted, "Turn around!" "Lift both arms!" "Lift right leg!" "Now left!" "Hold up sole of foot!" "Now the other!" "Now stoop!" "Stand up!" "Open your mouth!"

All this in order to prevent the possibility of concealing anything likely to assist

A Prisoner Bent on Escape.

When Tom had been examined by the doctor, measured and weighed by an assistant, a card with a number on it was given him, and he was

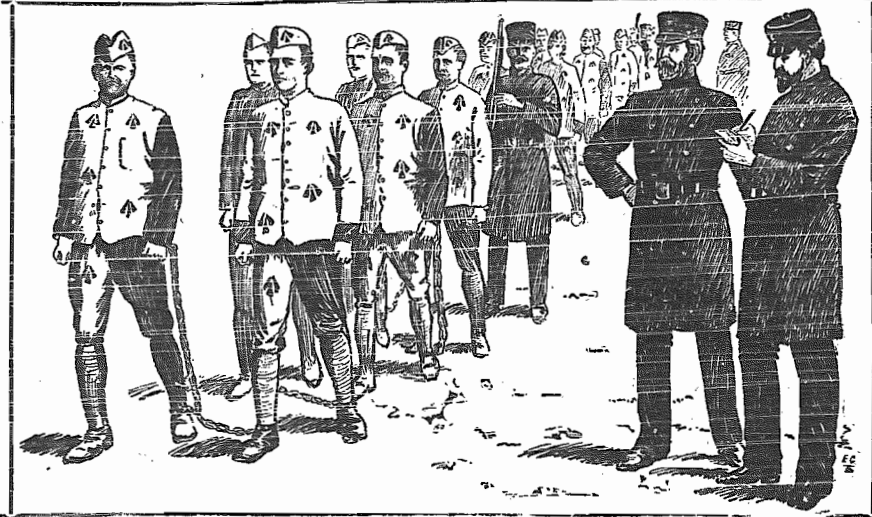
quarry gang, the gardening gang, the artisan gang, the shoemakers' gang, the tailors' gang, and so on.

There was one ceremony connected with this parading which always roused the devil in Tom—rubbing down it is called. Each man is made to unbuckle his jacket, waistcoat, his slop, hold his cap in one hand, and his handkerchief in the other, whilst a warder rubs him down.

One day Tom and a number of others had just reached the yard for exercise when

The Tramp of Many Feet was Heard.

The warder's order to stand in line against the wall had just been obeyed when the cause of the sudden halt was explained. On they came, gang



"On they came, gang after gang, from their task in the quarries to their gloomy cells."

were off to the railway station, and a little later made the discovery that Portland was their destination.

On their arrival each man was relieved of his hand-cuffs, and told to sit on a bench in the passage. Then came two principal warders, a doctor and a clerk.

"Under what name were you in last?" asked a warder of a man whom he thought he recognised as an old acquaintance.

This question called forth a laugh all round—a sound strangely out of keeping with the place and the occasion. When the rules had been read to the men, also the bill of fare for each day, they were removed to their cells and another batch took their place.

Presently the door of Tom's cell was thrown open, and he was ordered to strip and descend a flight of stone steps to the baths. From the baths he came forth in answer to a

given to understand that number would be his name.

At Portland, as at Dartmoor, the prisoners were warded according to their classes and also according to their religions.

Whenever a man is reported for breaking any of the rules he is frequently deprived of his class and the privileges attached thereto, besides losing marks and

Having Bread and Water

for a certain number of days. Some unruly characters pass their whole time in what is called the probationary class.

Each morning on leaving the chapel every man falls out of line and joins the station of his particular gang. A large number painted on the parade ground wall shows the muster-place of each gang, so that every man knows just what position to take up on the parade ground. There is the

after gang of outside workers. At the inner gate stood the chief warder, book in hand. The principal warder in charge of each department of work, called out the number of men he was bringing back from work, and the number of the gang. This the chief checked against the number taken out in the morning. Every officer then delivered up his rifle, bayonet, belt, and cartridge-box to the armourer waiting to receive them. Amongst the last gang to pass was an elderly man wearing sleeves of different colours, and chains hanging from his wrists and attached to his ankles. The clatter he made as he walked brought back to Tom's mind the little Methodist chapel and the story of the demoniac among the tombstones whom no one could bind, even with chains. Later on he discovered that outside the prison the man was called Dad Sloss, and that he occupied the cell adjoining his own.

Between Us and Our Readers.

When we get into conversation with comrades who have fought for any length of time under the dear old Flag with the Fiery Star, it is astonishing what interesting war memories are forthcoming. Some tales the most tender and God-glorifying are told, as our pages frequently bear witness to; and especially was this the case with the short story competition in connection with our last Easter Cry. That prize page, in our estimation, came nearer to the record of the Acts of the Apostles than anything we have read for a long time.

Now we want more of these, and the best, for our Christmas Number, which we think promises to exceed in beauty and interest, any Special Issue produced, even in Canada. We want the most generally interesting incident that you know of, dear comrade, in connection with the Salvation War in Canada. It should not be longer than five hundred words. Shorter if possible; but don't you worry about the length, or the writing. You send us your story, told in your own way. We will do what is necessary. Also, do not forget, that if, in the opinion of our readers, your story is the best, there is a ten dollar bill for you, to help in your Christ-

mas merriment. As Officers have been somewhat slow in taking up this competition, we have extended the time, so that Shack-stove Stories can now be received up to the end of October. But don't fail to remember—Not after that!

We are also expecting a supply of splendid material from our Soldier readers, on the lines that have been laid down, don't delay, but send these contributions for the Christmas Cry right away.

Now, these are the lines, and ten persons will get a chance of getting a dollar bill, besides the satisfaction of contributing to the literary fare of War Cry readers, by sending two hundred words that tell either of the following:

The most remarkable Salvation Christmas Incident I have ever known; What it was that led to my conversion; The most extraordinary open-air I have ever attended, or open-air incident I have known; The greatest trophy of grace I have ever met in Canada; The best story of a fellow-officer, who is probably too modest to tell it himself or herself; The most exciting moment of my Salvation career; the strangest prayer meeting I was ever in; the funniest testimony I have ever heard; What a Salvation song did; The most interesting immigration story I have ever been told; The greatest act of human consecration I have ever known; The most amusing collection incident I have heard.

The 24th Canadian Congress

Will find **THE TRADE DEPARTMENT** in a flourishing condition in all its sections, and a bigger turn-over than it has had in its history. We take this opportunity, at the close of another fiscal year, of thanking our Officers and friends for that patronage which has made this the banner year in the Tailoring and Merchandise Departments, and beg to assure our patrons of our desire to give the best terms and attention to the orders it may be their pleasure to entrust to us in the future.

❖ ❖ OVERCOATS, FALL SUITS, ETC. ❖ ❖

THE TAILORING SECTION is equipped with up-to-date materials to meet the needs of our Comrades and friends in these respects. Send for a self-measurement form, and particulars for an overcoat or suit. Goods and workmanship guaranteed.

BAND INSTRUMENTS -- "OUR OWN MAKE."

VANCOUVER, CALGARY AND RIVERDALE are our latest patrons for a full set of **SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENTS**, while a number of Bands are ordering twos and threes; in fact, we can scarcely keep up with the demand. These Instruments are sold on their merits, and are built to last a lifetime. Sold by us at English List Prices. Unrivalled for durability and cost. Send for Catalogue and Prices.

❖ NEW CAPS. ❖ NEW GUERNSEYS. ❖

Don't forget that Special Meetings and Councils are being held at various centres throughout the Dominion in connection with our anniversary. You will want that **NEW CAP** or **GUERNSEY** for that occasion. Don't leave it till the last moment—**ORDER NOW!!!**

❖ HAVE YOU A LIBRARY? ❖

If not, why not start one at once. Selection from the "**WARRIORS**," or "**RED HOT**" **SERIES** can be made at a small cost. Ask for a List of \$3.00 and \$5.00 Sets of Books.

A NEW BOOK BY THE GENERAL:

THE SEVEN SPIRITS; or What I Teach My Officers.

(Outline of Addresses Delivered to Field Officers in Council.)

1. Introduction. 2. The Spirit of Life. 3. The Spirit of Purity. 4. The Spirit of Devotion. 5 The Spirit of Holy Warfare. 6. The Spirit of Truth. 7. The Spirit of Faith. 8. The Spirit of Burning Love.

A Book that will help and inspire all Salvation Army Workers and will be appreciated by those Friends who wish for information as to the teaching given by the General to his Officers.

ART LINEN, 35c.

POSTAGE, 3c. EXTRA.

LADIES' SINGLE ROW COLLAR CORD, 10c. per yard.

Pictorial Post Cards: The General in the Holy Land.

Eight Views of interest, 20c per Packet.

A New Selection of Texts and Mottoes Just Received.

Beautiful Designs. Quite Unique. Write for Agents' Prices. Don't Wait. DO IT NOW!

THESE PRICES DO NOT APPLY TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Write for Catalogue and Prices to

THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Confidence, 4; Rockingham, 15; Song Book, No. 370.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be,
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast and let me wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.

O, conquering Jesus, Saviour, Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine we will die—Thine we will live.

Tunes.—My soul is now united, 101;
I'd choose to be a Soldier, 98;
Song Book, No. 261.

2 Oh, I have been to Jesus! To me
He's spoken peace,
To-day He is my refuge; Oh, what
a sweet release!
From every storm He hides me, from
sin He keeps me free,
In everything He guides me, He's all-
in-all to me.

Chorus.

Oh, glory to His name!
He's taken my sins away!
And now He keeps me happy,
As I trust Him day by day!

Once on the stormy billows my sin-
nick soul was tossed,
But now I'm in the harbour, my fears
and troubles lost;
I'm glad I've cast my anchor, I'm
sure that it will hold,
And I shall go to Heaven to share the
love untold.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Mary, 49; Nativity, 51; Song
Book, No. 334.

3 On, for a thousand tongues to
to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our
fears,

That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood a-ails for me.

Tunes.—Take salvation, 170; Blessed
Lord, 163; Song Book No. 78.

Boundless as the mighty ocean,
Rolling on from pole to pole;
the boundless love of Jesus
To the weary, sinful soul—
Boundless mercy,
Making guilty sinners whole.

Boundless as eternal ages,
As the air we breathe as free;
Is the boundless full salvation
Jesus purchased on the tree—
Boundless cleansing,
From all sin's impurity.

THE TORONTO COUNCILS.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

ASSISTED BY

COLONEL AND MRS. SOWTON
AND TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF,
WILL CONDUCT

Great Anniversary Meetings

AS FOLLOWS:

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.—Mayor Coatsworth, on behalf of the
City, will welcome the Delegates in the Temple on Albert
Street at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCT. 10.—Field Officers' Council.

FRIDAY, OCT. 11.—Field Officers' Council.

SATURDAY, OCT. 12.—Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, assisted by
the Territorial Headquarters Staff and Visiting Officers at
the Temple.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13.—COMMISSIONER and MRS. COOMBS all
day at the Temple, assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire,
Brigadiers Taylor and Bond, Colonel and Mrs. Sowton at
the Forester's Hall, Broadview Avenue.

MONDAY, OCT. 14, at 8 p.m., in the MASSEY HALL,
COMMISSIONER and MRS. COOMBS will conduct the
Annual Meeting. The Dedication of Brigadier and Mrs.
Horn for India and an Illuminated Memorial Service for
Officers who have been Promoted to Glory. White-robed
Children's Choir, Massed Bands in attendance.

COMMISSIONER and MRS. COOMBS

ACCOMPANIED BY

Colonel Sowton, Chief Secretary,
AND LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE,
WILL VISIT

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., October 20 and 21.

HALIFAX, N.S., Tuesday, Oct. 22.—United Officers' and
Soldiers' Councils. Wednesday, Oct. 23.—Morning and
Afternoon, Councils; Night, Soul-Saving Demonstration.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—Saturday, Oct. 26.—Reception at the
Station; 8 p.m., Welcome at the No. 1 Citadel. Sunday,
Oct. 27.—11 a.m., Holiness Meeting at the Citadel; 3 p.m.,
in the Methodist College Hall, Great Welcome of Colonel
Sowton, the New Chief Secretary; 7 p.m., Salvation Meet-
ing in the Methodist College Hall. Monday, Oct. 28—
Officers' Councils morning and afternoon; 8 p.m., in the
Methodist College Hall, "From Bethlehem to Calvary. Tues-
day, Oct. 29.—Officers' Councils in the morning; Great Send-
off at 5 p.m.

The Chief Secretary will not be with the Commissioner at Char-
lottetown. He will open the new Citadel at St. John, N.B., on Sunday,
October 20, and visit Windsor, N.S., on Monday Night, October 21.

Specials for Council Sunday,
October 13th.

Lippincott St., Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.
Riverdale..... Lieut.-Colonel Sharp.
Esther Street..... Brigadier Howell.
Toronto Junction..... Brigadier Southall.
Yorkville..... Brigadier Hargrave.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier—Essex, October 17;
Bothwell, Oct. 18; Chatham, Oct. 19-
21; Dresden, Oct. 22, 23 Wallaceburg,
Oct. 2, 25; Sarnia, Oct. 26-28; The
ford, Oct. 29; 30; Forest, Oct. 31;
Petrolia, November 2-4; Strathroy
Nov. 5, 6; Stratford, Nov. 7, 8; Sea-
forth, Nov. 9-11; Clinton, Nov. 12, 13;
Goderich Nov. 14-15; Wingham,
Nov. 16-18; Listowel, Nov. 19, 20;
Palmerston, Nov. 21-22; Guelph,
Nov. 23-25; Hespeler, Nov. 25, 27;
Galt, Nov. 28, 29.

Ensign Edwards—Oshawa, October 15,
16; Bowmanville, October 17, 18;
Uxbridge, October 19, 20; Oshawa,
October 21-22; Lindsay, October
23-25; Fenelon Falls, October 26, 27.

Kinnmount, Oct. 28; Ireland, Oct. 29,
Rainbowton, Oct. 30; Orillia, Oct. 31,
November 1; Gravenhurst, Nov. 2, 3;
Bracebridge, Nov. 4-6; Huntsville,
Nov. 7, 8; Cobalt, Nov. 9-11; Engle-
hart, Nov. 12; Haileybury, Nov. 13-
15; New Liskeard, Nov. 16-18; North
Bay, Nov. 19, 20; Sudbury, Nov. 21,
22; Soc. Mich., Nov. 23-25; Soc. Ont.,
Nov. 26-28; Sturgeon Falls, Nov. 29,
30.

Captain Hurd—Sherbrooke, October
18-21; Quebec, October 22; Mont-
real I., October 24; Montreal V.,
October 25; Montreal Shelter, October
26; Montreal IV., October 28.

Captain Davey—Brandon, October,
1; Waseley, Oct. 2, 3; Regina, Oct.
4-6; Moose Jaw, Oct. 7, 8; Maple
Crest, Oct. 9, 10; Medicine Hat, Oct.
11-13; Lethbridge, Oct. 15, 16; Fernie,
Oct. 17, 18; Cranbrook, Oct. 19-21;
Nelson, Oct. 23-25; Grand Forks, Oct.
26-28; Greenwood, Oct. 29; Phoenix,
Oct. 30; Rossland, November, 2-4;
Vernon, Nov. 7-9; New Westminster,
Nov. 12-13; Victoria, Nov. 14, 15; Na-
namo, Nov. 16-18; Vancouver, Nov.
19-21; High River, Nov. 27, 28; Cal-
gary, Nov. 29, 30.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; before, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner The T. F. S. Council, at Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. This does not cost a cent, if possible, to delay expenses, an exact reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which must not be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

6168. BLACKLAWS, STANLEY. Left Morebank, Scotland, about 1883, last heard of was in New Zealand; Brother Ben enquires. (New Zealand city please copy)

6167. MOORE, MAUD CAPON. Came to Canada thirteen years ago; age twenty-three; tall, dark brown eyes, last known address, King Edward Hotel, Toronto; may have gone to Buffalo. (American City please copy.)

6164. HOWYER, WILLIAM, and family. Fair hair hazel eyes and fair complexion; age 35; missing twenty-five years; musical instrument maker. Last known address, Woodstock, Ont.

(Second insertion.)

6150. DUNNING, WILLIAM. (Alias MILLS) Age 50, height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes, married; fair complexion; left his home on Cecil Street, Toronto, on July 11, '67, and has not been heard of since. Wife anxious.

6160. LEIGH, WILLIAM, age 40, height over 5 ft.; been missing eleven years; last heard of in Toronto; friends very anxious for news.

6155. CULLINGHAM, ANNIE, better known as "Tot", when at home with mother and sister, twenty-five years ago, in Marylebone; sister, Kate's eldest son enquires.

6153. YEREX, THOS. H., Age about 40; single; fair moustache. Left Little Britain about July 1867; father and relatives very anxious; last heard of in Toronto. Write sister, Hattie.

6151. MCKENZIE, DOUGAL McDONALD Scotch, age 55, height 5 ft., 7 in.; tall; fair hair, when grey; fair complexion; missing five years; last known address, Massey Station, Ont.; has scar on left hand from razor cut, also scar on neck; may be slightly bald; news wanted.

6148. CARTER, HENRY (Alias Thompson) married; age 40; height 5 ft. 5 in.; fair hair, grey eyes; engine fitter; came to Canada in Oct., 1906. Relatives very anxious for news.

6147. WATERS, EARNEST TILLY; age 46, height 5 ft., 8 in.; dark brown hair and brown eyes, dark complexion; blacksmith. News wanted.

6146. MADAFER, FERDIS, age 35; Assyrian, height 5 ft. 7 in. dark hair, eyes and moustache. Last heard of in South America. News urgently wanted.

6176. FORREST, SAMUEL; age 40; height 5 ft. 7 in.; fair hair, fair complexion, grey eyes; son mason; last heard of in the Algona District.

613. HUTCHINSON, NELLIE, AB-BAIGLE, and SAKAH (three sisters.) They came to Canada nine years ago; aged twenty, nineteen and seventeen, respectively. Their two brothers, Arthur and Harry, are anxious to know where they are.

CUNNINGTON, WILLIAM HEN-SON age about 60, height 5 ft. 9 in.; grocer; widower, pale complexion; missing since 1884; last heard of in Tulford St., Montreal. News wanted.

6161. TURNER, ALFRED WM., age 29; brown hair and eyes; fresh colour; was working in the mines; last known address, Banff, Alta. Mother very anxious for news of her boy.

6174. ROBINSON, S. A., Came to Canada in the Spring of 1904; from Hadleigh Colony; kindly communi-
cate with the above office, as we have some important news for him.